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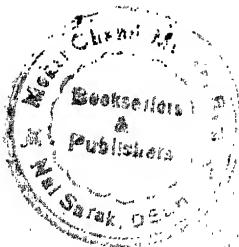
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THE SECRETS OF THE KAULA CIRCLE



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THE SECRETS OF THE KAULA CIRCLE

A TALE OF FICTITIOUS PEOPLE FAITHFULLY
RECOUNTING STRANGE RITES STILL
PRACTISED BY THIS CULT

Followed by a translation of a very old MS. on
THE SCIENCE OF BREATH

By

ELIZABETH SHARPE

Kaisar-i-Hind Medallist

F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., M.R.A.S., F.B.E.E., ETC.

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DEDICATORY LETTER To
SYBIL, LADY DUDLEY
WIFE OF THE TWELFTH BARON, KEMPSEY, WORCESTER.

My dear Sybil,

It seems strange, that a book of India dealing with
rites so foreign to you in your quiet country home,
should be the one I have chosen to dedicate to you.

But the implication is clear. You belong to the
simple, beautiful beaten paths of the Ideal.

You stand, a living example of the finding of good
and God in the simple things of life ; and, linked with
them all is the knowledge—though you, in your
modesty, are the last to acknowledge it—that a saintly
life of service, such as yours is, is more useful to humanity
than any of those of the characters in this book
of strange people.

Your loving cousin,
THE AUTHOR.

Kempsey, Worcester.

October 21st, 1936.

All characters in this book are completely fictitious.

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

In my book *The Tantrik Secret of Immaculate Conception* (Rider & Co.), I have discussed, for the first time in print, the esoteric doctrine of a certain section of the worshippers of the goddess in woman's form.

In reviewing this book, T. R. Venkatarama Sastri, Esquire, at one time Advocate General of Madras, writes thus of the cult as practised to-day :

“ The reviewer has personal knowledge of some Tantrikas in South India who belonged to this group. Their doctrine and practices have been kept secret because of the adverse surroundings. He is of the impression—he may be wrong in this impression—that these Tantrikas were not ashamed of their ways. There may have been some men of faith among them. But the many inherited the ritual ; and their attachment was due, partly to habit, and partly to the indulgences it permitted, rather than to conviction and faith.”

These words written by a great Indian of considerable wisdom and clarity of thought, one moreover noted for his dispassionate judgment, make one realise how greatly the excesses of this sect have exercised the mind of Indian scholars. Views of disapproval have been expressed to me, amongst others, by a religious mendicant once Shanker-

acharya of a famous Mutt, at one time an adherent to this cult : a famous Jain " Sadhu " and one who, himself, was a high priest of the circle.

The cult appears to be of Mongolian origin ; and it is not unnatural that the learned Aryans of India have not taken kindly to its philosophy.

In the following papers—a history of fictitious people—many things are disclosed : there is a faithful account of the orgies practised, and the reason why the shibboleth used is retained is that the reader may recognise the methods used in capturing the imagination of the unwary.

It makes strange reading : it is published to warn both the Western and Eastern worlds that the pure paths of worship retaining the good and the ideal are the best.

ELIZABETH SHARPE,
OF LIMBDI, KATHIAWAR.

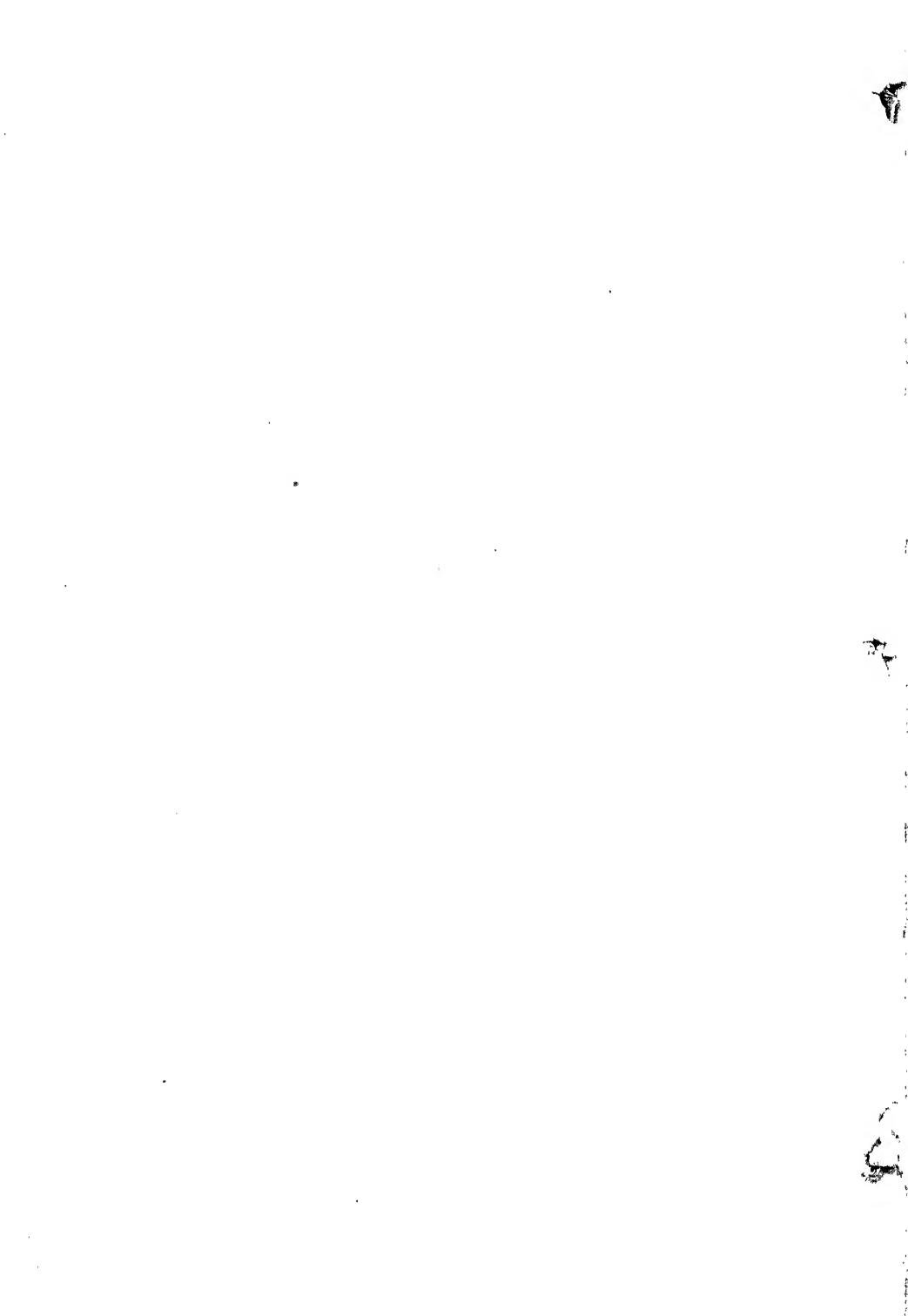
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1936.

Note.—The publishers thought it advisable to omit certain portions of this book.

This has resulted in a certain disconnectedness, but the motive of the book and the lesson contained therein is, I believe, in no way impaired.

I have, already, met with some unwelcome attention from various occult societies for my insistence that the keys to unlock Divinity are with Divinity alone, goodness and austerity alone lead to happiness and power.

P A R T I



INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

I AM Mary de la Mont. My great-grandfather was the Duke of _____. His father was _____. But it is better not to name him, for he was ashamed to own the offspring of his morganatic marriage ; and I, who have now naught of shame, may still respect the shame of others.

The Lama told me that I was of a descent far beyond the Buddhas, and that I brought with me a name of my own : Yasodhara of the Immortals : and my vanity made me believe him.

Last births ?

I live alone, now ; untainted by the company, of the gods he conjured for my amusement, men or beasts.

I have dreamt strange dreams : and in one of them, I dreamt I was a mortal—Mary La Mont.

Both my parents were very rich ; and I was their only child. They educated me in a manner befitting their position, and left me their money when they died.

They gave me little of their confidence or love. They were hypocrites, but hypocrisy is quite usual amongst men, and I learnt from them to hide my real feelings, and to deceive.

I married, really married, a Lama at the age of twenty-six : but no one knew it, and but for this confession none would ever have known I was one of those European women who are made for Sadhus : and amongst the

thousands of deluded women who prostrate before Lamas, I was one of the most deluded.

I saw the Lama's eyes flash, with interest, the first time he caught sight of me, a white woman so different to the others. From that day onwards I saw him daily ; he deprived me of much : beauty, ideals and money ; but, in the end, I believe, I deprived him of greater things. It is no joy to write this.

Long afterwards, when I was disgusted, truly disgusted, both spiritually and physically, he still wanted me ; but he counted the agony he suffered at my refusal to live with him any more, fair price for the pleasure he had craved.

He was a strange man.

I gained from him strange wisdom : the measure of his strength cannot be judged even by me—his weakest link.

I thought I loved him, and though I love him no longer, still there has been that strange link of husband and wifehood between us that bids me still remember.

I gave him all I had to give, little enough, now, I think.

He paid dearly for that seed of lust in him which, despite his years of austerity, had not been completely burned, and was brought, by my presence, to full life.

I shuddered often at his ugliness, his crudity, and his strength : but I submitted to his wishes all the same. He was so strange, so compelling, so sure of me.

He placed me under a spell, bewildered me with the glamour of power.

He told me that for seven births I had been his wife—they always tell you that, I hear—and for eight years of this mortal life of mine I was to remain his, body and

soul ; and afterwards, he said, his vision was clouded by his desire, and he could not see properly.

Indian and Tibetan alike spoke of my husband with hushed breath : a Mahatma—a man of superhuman power.

I, too, thought that through him I might reach godhood : not God, mark you, but god-hood. At first I wanted to reach only God, but his devotees laughed : they told me the Lama Himself was God.

And he allowed me to think of him as Buddha.

From that first day he singled me out with favour, and I sat hour after hour at his feet watching the multitude throng around him and worship at his feet.

I loved him then, not as a man, but as the emblem of goodness and love : and now love and goodness are myths to me for ever.

He said I was the greatest "Yogini" of any world ; and begged me, finally, on his knees, to marry him. He said that my youth and beauty had driven him mad.

He assured me I would gain superhuman powers by the union, even if he gained the dire displeasure of the Gala Lama, and his dead "Guru."

Something weak in me made me yield my body unresistingly to this man of an alien land.

Some debauch themselves for wealth : some for lust. I debauched myself in a search for God.

But there was lack of balance, here, too, in this wild desire to find Him at any cost.

But I was twenty-six, my own mistress, and had sufficient of wealth. Why should I care ? If I helped to hide my marriage, it was because of the Lama's bidding.

I had read much ; and one story in an old book stuck in my mind and haunted me : it described certain magical rites in a temple, partially correct as I and the reader will soon be aware.

A young and lovely girl was brought to an altar, before which lay a sarcophagus in which reposed a very old man some thousands of years old it was believed.

The girl approached the recumbent man and placed the nipples of her breast, first one then another, in his mouth. The corpse-like creature, whose mummified lips could not, at first, hold the firm nipples began suddenly to suck heartily and soon grew young.

He then tried to clasp the fainting girl in his arms ; but she eluded him, floating far above the concourse of chanting worshippers.

Returning to earth at last, she again allowed him to drink of her body.

He was now strong, young and beautiful ; and he fled away with the girl in his arms.

This weird story haunted me : for, at nights, I, too, floated gently above the world with a strange man, life of my life, who drew me down to earth and to his embraces.

I feel some pale tremor of passion as I write : but I dare not call it evil, for I have, long since, forgotten the definition of good and evil.

I have the Lama's photograph before me, and I never look at it, now, without a shudder : the coarse mouth, the strong jaw, the flattened nose, the indifferent forehead, the brilliant slanting eyes under their thin eyebrows : how had I dreamt that I loved him as a mate.

He has taught me one thing : to fear nothing on earth ; so I do not fear him either—now.

I have never forgotten his training, never will. I gained much wisdom from him, strange powers; experienced many delights, and dying I can forgive him all: for it was better for me that the seed of all this should ripen to destruction.

Did I say he suffered more than I did? I was wrong. He could not suffer even as much, because he was never human.

I do not know, even now, whether he was superhuman or sub-human.

I cannot appeal, even to God, to decide for me, or inspire me, here; for I am not sure, any more, whether God belongs to him or to me: or Who He is, or What He is.

It was so easy in the olden days to be so sure. He was in the heavens somewhere: a Man of our sort, Great and Holy, but invested by men with their own faults and virtues in an exalted degree.

All was very clear in my ignorant days: now when I am counted wise, it is muddled, and I am only sure that I am to die.

I am, still, not sure, however, whether to be glad or sad at my approaching death: for I do not know if life restarts there, or ends, or when or where.

The Lama pandered to my vanity. He said that what I willed could move the world: and I have, often, experimented to find out if this were really true: I found, at least, that, after my marriage, I could bring down rain or snow by willing hard for both.

But the Lama did not want me to do this whimsically; because he said it was not well to interfere in the magic of Another.

“The whole world,” he said, “is magic. You must

not let your magic interfere with the magic of any person made great by absorption of smaller and subordinate wills.” Devotees of every religion, he told me, made—God and His Power.

I have paid for the power I possessed.

I had indeed strange powers, or it was part of a dream.

Once I wanted to be a deer: so I whispered a mighty word, droning it to a sound, and I left my body; and I entered through the left ear of a deer: and I whispered through his mouth the mighty Name, dancing through luxuriant jungles, nibbling here, nibbling there, throwing up my head at the sound of the panther above stream, but without fear—was he not also myself?

I, nearly, ended for ever, a deer—for I could not, after awhile, conceive again my womanhood: and only by the Lama’s help I came forth from the deer’s body with a woman’s consciousness in my prone body.

Do I write of incredible things? Perhaps I am a century before, or after, my time?

I entered Tibet from Kashgar disguised as a Buddhist nun in a palanquin escorted by many hundreds of nuns and monks.

The Lama was following us, and we waited for him in the “Nal Goofa.”

In this cave, it is believed that the Pandva brothers of the Mahabharata rested on their journey to Kailasa: and in this cave, too, the Lama said, twenty thousand Lamas had meditated and attained Nirvana.

Perhaps it is true, as true as anything else in the world: but I have come across many “Nal Goofas” in many

mountains, and the same story of the Pandva brothers is told of each one of them.

The Lama held a large court there, blessing thousands of devotees by touching them with the long flag he held in his hand.

Thus did the Lama impart a certain power to his worshippers : "Oxygen," he said ; for oxygen was his new modern word.

There were many merchants in the assembly whom he had helped in material ways : he had told them when to buy cotton, and when to sell it : when to buy gold, when to dispose of it, and when to keep it : he regulated the markets of the world from his Himalayan cave.

It is the bare truth I write. Markets were controlled from far-off villages.

Prince and peasant alike tramped through dense jungles to pay the Lama obeisance : but I saw that all came to him through some desire or other : few wanted devotion to God ; but many wanted sons, desired health, wealth : and all craved power—power.

Was I, alone of that vast and strange crowd who had had no material desire in my heart ; who had only wanted to be nearer God ; to know Him : perhaps the very arrogance of my want proved my undoing. Who can know God ?

My palanquin was carried by the wild people of the mountains ; and they appeared to me half-men, half-animals.

Judging them, now, at this distance of time, very dispassionately, I think they are not, really, men at all.

In Tibet, they call my own people barbarians : but I, whom they once worshipped as the incarnation of the goddess tell you that they are more men than they. In my own husband, I found less of humanity than in the men I had, hitherto, met.

I believe, though I have often failed to believe even my belief, that he might, at one time, have loved me as a man loved a woman : and if this is so, it is his only link to the world of man.

But the Gala Lama who hated me for a reason, of which I shall write more fully later, had nothing in him akin to man. His followers agreed to this thesis, but they said he was of the immortals.

He knew my antipathy towards him : and by his clairvoyance, he knew also, that I should write of things forbidden.

“I shall curse you,” he warned me.

But I thought : “I shall use their own magic against them : test the will-power they have developed in me for their own uses, and spend it against theirs.”

The Gala Lama continued to read my thoughts to my own mortification. He told me of a devil-king who, by his austerity, won a boon from the great God-Shiva that even the immortals would become ashes if a certain “yantra” were placed on their heads.

The devil-king tried to test it on Shiva himself, who fled from the terror of his own gift.

“Write, mad woman,” said the Gala Lama, “write if you dare.”

My Lama said : “If you destroy all idols of worship, what then will the world worship ? The world always worships false idols : will you then destroy all faith ?”

I feared for a long while. Would my words leave the world a little more stricken and bereft of faith ?

But I have decided finally to write : and what I write is the bare truth.

Yet, do I really care if the world believes my tale ?

Why should I care ?

I bore the Lama five Mongolian children : only the last had my eyes, the dark-blue eyes of France.

And I was afraid when I saw those sad dark-blue eyes : how did those lotus-blue eyes get mixed up with slanting eyes.

Lotus-blue eyes, my own eyes, have looked out from a baby's dead face, and have reproached me ; and I must write lest some other foolish woman leave beaten tracks and lose her soul.

Let me get back to my tale.

CHAPTER I

IN AN UNDERGROUND TEMPLE

THERE are secret corridors under every important temple and old pagoda of India, Tibet and Burma : and many a one who disappears from the world of to-day dreams happily, or unhappily, under one or the other : for opium, caffeine and the "soma" plant still give to man a happy oblivion, which he fears so much when it is called death.

But, perhaps, he fears that death will not give him oblivion.

I sat at the feet of the Lama, because I wanted to know of Mahatmas and reach divinity through Yoga.

I repeat this : a protesting too much, perhaps, and my words may lose value : but this sad protesting is to emphasize my tale, not to excuse myself.

I sat, one of thousands, day in, day out : a little on one side away from them all—the veil of my "topi" covering my face, and my eyes on the face before me—the man to be my husband.

I watched men and women crawl before him like whipped animals, finding heavenly joy and consolation in the mere touching of his feet.

I dreamt of goodness, happiness and perfection of spirit.

Then one day, I found, mingling in my dreams, alien thoughts which I know, now, were never mine.

How I prayed in agony of spirit that I might die before

I profaned this holy man by my mundane thoughts of earthly love.

When I felt I loved the Lama, I saw him suddenly smile. I know, now, that he had gained me at last by what the Tibetans call the "magical will": but what we, of the Western world, call hypnotism.

He bade me remember my past births teaching me the process: to remember everything of my life, down to the first conscious act or thought: as I could not go further back than myself a child of three my head ached intolerably.

He desisted then and bade me come that night with the wife of one of his devotees to his cave, and he would show me something strange.

I consented.

"You will not be afraid?"

"No."

"Tell no one of your coming here, but make an itinerary of sorts; and tell your people that you are following that itinerary. There must be no hue and cry about your whereabouts."

I felt repelled, then, I remember.

I was not afraid, but I loved truth: and that my spiritual "guru" bade me deviate from it outraged me not a little. It was the first of many doubts—he met them all, combated them all.

I would to God that I had followed my instinct that day when that first doubt came: to run away from him, get back to my old life and friends.

I remembered an Irish boy who had wanted to marry me: a blundering, stupid boy, with a hearty laugh, and a healthy fear of all things abnormal: human, certain, correct to type.

He would never have bidden me lie, would never have cared for the maintenance of his own reputation at the expense of mine.

I know, now, the first man was a better man.

But I obeyed the Lama, and told my friends and servants that I would be away for an indefinite time with other friends.

I took with me only one servant, Chang Foo, who was devoted to the Lama : and I, too, bade Chang Foo, again using the "guru's" name, prevaricate ; repeating in the bazaar that we were going to friends, some of the "Sahib-lok" we had met at Calcutta.

Chang Foo and I went to the temple, and I met his little wife who was to be my chaperone. She gave me tea, and the most delicious little puffs filled with coco-nut, raisins and musk. I loved the little thing : she, too, adored the Lama, whom she called the twenty-seventh Tirthankar.

Her utter devotion to the Lama re-assured me not a little. It was she who took me underground, a man preceding us with a light.

She held my trembling hand whilst the Brahmins purified me, and the Lama and I walked three times round the sacred fire ; my "sari" tied to his neckcloth. Before parting, they gathered the dust from both our feet and applied it to their eyes and forehead.

It all seemed quite natural, as if it had happened, as the Lama said it had, thousands of times before, centuries ago.

He indicated a bed of grass, on which I sat mechanically, whilst he bade me, over and over again, to remember.

I remember, too, the heaviness of my slumber that night.

I woke with no sense of strangeness in being in that place : I felt drugged, numbed.

The next morning food was brought to me : food that I remember was delicious : curds, lentils boiled in milk with butter: vegetables prepared in strange ways: milk smelling of freshly plucked roots, almonds, musk and saffron.

I sat in meditation all day, and slept heavily at nights with the Lama sleeping by me and found no incongruity in his presence.

Time stood still.

Life had become one strange quietness, eating, meditating, slumber, always quietness, not un-mingled with joy. I am sure, now, by my heavy slumber I was either doped or under a hypnotic spell.

I repented of naught, and often, I think, I revelled in my utter surrender to the will of my husband.

There was no heaven above for me, no world : why should there be ?

Life was best thus—I thought—a drifting underground, a sweeping of itself in great and tender waves of emotion to nothingness : Mary La Mont had gone away for ever.

That experience in the underground cave left me devoid, for ever, of any capacity for emotion or happiness.

One day, the Lama said he had to leave me, and though I wept, he insisted that it must be ; for his pupils awaited him and his preaching.

He bade me return to my house whence he would send for me again ; and he said he would take me into Tibet to remain with him for ever.

So, weeping, I had, perforce, to obey him, and to come from my slumberous depths, to the house on the hills that is mine, and from these sensuous dreams I woke to the reality that I was to be a mother. I felt no fear : but to whom should I confide this secret ?

I wrote to the Lama of my condition, and asked Chang Foo to bring an answer.

But the Lama gave none ; indeed he sent my servant away with rough words. He too feared scandal.

I realised that his marriage was only known to the few : that he wished to pose to the world at large that he still kept the vow of chastity. I also realised that he did not want to be compromised, and cared little for my predicament.

Thank God, I had plenty of money : but I was forced to go far away from the haunts of men, taking with me an Irish mid-wife to whom, perforce, I confided the secret of my marriage to a Mongolian.

We left the track of man, and at the dak bungalow at Garrabarra, I spent the night.

I heard the river Jumna flinging itself down to the plains below, listening to the monotonous clang of its fierce impetuosity : not a note was changed, always the same unfailing, unerring, definite roar. It drove me almost mad at last.

Then I heard nothing.

I was given chloroform : I suffered much : there was no doctor, and the mid-wife, shuddering for her certificate if I died, did all, on her own initiative, helped by some women from the village.

The baby died and I nearly died.

All the children died : the Lama said that had they lived, they would have ruled the three worlds : the world of gods, men and beasts : and have been the Messiahs of the world.

I do not believe it, now, but I did then : and the thought gave me some upliftment.

CHAPTER II

MAGIC

THE Lama did everything according to whether his breath came through the right or left nostril.

Chang Foo went to him once and assured him that he believed me dying : but because the Lama's right breath was not working, he was obdurate and refused to leave the temple.

Also, I have to record it, a number of people were coming to do him obeisance.

Chang Foo assured me, however, that the Lama walked backwards and forwards, blowing air fiercely through one nostril, then the other.

But I think he cared as much for the acquirement of new pupils as for me. However callously he behaved, I forgave him and the spell remained.

I studied the science of the breath ; and found it changed every twenty-four minutes ; coming through the left nostril, sometimes through the right, and sometimes through both.

There was an old book about it in Hindi, and I studied it carefully. It belonged to a famous Lama.

I read that all steady actions, purchases, the pacification of anyone, cooking or marriage—the meeting of friend or master should, invariably be done when the breath came

through the left nostril: indeed for the doing of good actions this breath, alone, proved favourable.

But in charming a woman, stopping a woman, in all cruel and passionate acts—mark the implication—the right breath was favourable.

When both the breaths were working, it said, not only no act could be successful, but disaster attended on one who acted when both the breaths were working: when these breaths were working, one should pray.

When I protested to the Lama about his indifference, he swore that whenever I sent for him, his two breaths worked and he dared not come.

You, who read, do not throw your magical will against That Greater One.

Working with Him, all will be well—working against Him, I who, with a breath, have once ruined a Lama, can testify that my own ruin was greater.

I was no longer happy with the Lama. He neglected me and was often angry with me.

I was frightened of his anger: for he had no control of his anger, and beat me with clenched fists till I cried. Equally, like a child when he was pleased, his transport passed all bounds. He taught me many quaint arts. Alchemy was one of the arts he really knew. I have indeed made bars and bars of gold and silver from copper and tin.

The prepared gold and silver were of a quality far superior to any on the market: the gold was yellower than any known gold with a glitter that was most attractive and lovely; and the silver, too, was whiter and heavier.

Chang Foo helped me, though he did not know my formula. I have used this gold and silver, only, for the relief of the poor and suffering, never for myself—I thank

God for that now: for I believe it was this gold and silver that bought my soul.

I remember that I wanted to advertise for the world's poor to come and take from me as much gold and silver as they would: but the Lama was furious at the very idea.

He said that each man had his own destiny, and I interfered, at the price of sacrificing my own luck. God Himself, he said, never interfered.

Already, he bade me see, through my impetuosity, the rate of gold had gone down.

It was annoying, also, to read that whilst I was making silver, new silver mines were found in Alaska, and my silver was growing valueless.

A greater magic-will appeared really to be combating mine, and neutralising the advantages.

How do I make my gold?

I have left the formula in full to _____ if he dares to use it: but better not, for there is considerable risk to be run, and the combating That OTHER WILL.

If the smoke of the arsenic gets into one's eyes, blindness ensues: and the sulphur may explode. But sulphur and arsenic are the juvenile methods of the Western world.

I turn mercury into ashes by virtue of a Himalayan herb: and one grain alone of these ashes in copper or tin, does the rest. Moreover, even a grain of this gold in baser metals turns it into gold, and so on, 11,000 times, and then stops.

You, who would make gold, sit at the feet of a Lama; give him your body, your mind and your wealth.

Produce for him in agony of spirit and body—children: then the world will be yours, if you can then want it: wealth, untold, will be at your disposal; but you will have

nothing you want to possess. Innocence, the power to appraise and be happy, these are greater gifts.

Once I threatened the Lama that I should divulge all his secrets—and he only smiled; but bade me, more seriously, beware of the curse of the yogini.

I asked him what that was and he replied that it was the curse given to those who talked too much. "Knowledge would teach," he said, "but wisdom is always silent."

Is it because the sphinx stands silent for ever that the ages tolerate its ugliness, and the stony silence that gives power to the idols of the temples?

The Lama bade me, in all seriousness, to be warned in time that even his power would not be able to save me if I transgressed the law of the "yogini."

"If you tell anything you have learnt by virtue of the fact that you were you, paralysis will descend on you, and your lips will be sealed for ever."

I was frightened then:

"Do you curse me?" I asked shudderingly.

"One curses oneself," he said carelessly, "by one's own folly and impetuosity."

The Lama's curse obsessed me when I would write: the tips of my fingers grew numb, and my toes were as if they were glued together.

My spine ached dully and incessantly, and filled me with vague uneasiness. I woke up often at nights with a pulse beating fast at my throat, and lights flaming around me.

I asked the Lama once if he or I were greater, and he laughed so heartily at my question that I was nettled.

"But, I—I—of course; yet," he added somewhat sadly, yet with no intention of appeasing me, "in the world you are next to me: you are, indeed, the greatest

yogini of the world." He fell into a moody silence. These silences came to him often.

I wanted to hear of his early life, and how he achieved his lama-hood.

But the more I questioned him, the more sullen and morose he grew, and I learnt nothing from him.

Had he, too, suffered, I wondered, at the hands of his dead "guru." Had he, too, wept in disillusionment as I have wept?

Later, I met his brother : and from him I heard of the Lama's life before he took the yellow robe.

Their uncle was a great Lama, though he called himself Bhikshu, the beggar.

This proud title of the beggar to priest may well surprise the Western world, who, thinking in prescribed manner, does not know India at all. No one can be proud in India—not even its princes before those holy beggars. I shall speak of one of these princes later, for he, like me, was caught up in the circle. But not here.

I wandered in my thoughts and then my words.

I have, often, to bring myself up with a jerk to the mere narration of my own story.

I have annihilated time in my mind ; and when I am careless, everything stands still on a single point of nothingness.

The Lama was of a family of very poor Brahmins : Mahants of a temple in the Aravalli Hills ; and it was their duty to perform the daily worship, accept the votive offerings of the village people, tend the cows, and even to take them out to pasture after the morning's milking. This last duty, more often than not, fell to my Lama, who was only ten years of age at the time, when fates made of him a

neophyte and then a Lama. He had taken the cattle out to pasture on a full moon night.

A terrible storm suddenly arose which devastated the countryside for miles around and forced the boy and his cows to take shelter in a deserted cave. The cave was very large, and at the furtherest end, a "sadhu" sat in deep meditation.

The boy of ten came under his spell. The "sadhu," they said, awakened and touched the boy at the back of his neck, and he fell into a strange trance and dreamt wonderful visions. He never, really, woke from that trance, they still assert: it was the end or the beginning—who shall say which is right, of the Brahmin youth.

The boy's parents came to the cave many times, and wept bitterly, imploring the "sadhu" to return their son, for, at that time, they had only one son.

The Guru dismissed them with rough words, and kept the boy. Long afterwards, he relented sufficiently, to promise them other sons.

The Lama, even at the age of ten, had been betrothed to a priest's daughter: but as he never went back home, there could be no marriage and the girl died later of snake-bite.

The superstitious villagers asserted that the "guru" himself had, in the form of a snake, bitten her to her death.

The Lama had four brothers in all.

The one I saw was the youngest of the four. He was counted a simple, was six-feet seven and a half inches in height, and in an eerie way was handsome. He had strange whims and fancies: and was possessed twice a month, by something he called his "maternal uncle"—Māmo.

At these times he would fling his huge head crowned

with thick, coarse hair, with a flap backwards and forwards with sufficient force to crick the neck of one less strong. At these times, he had the gift of prophecy, and I know the Lama himself took these prophecies very seriously. Hirko had many women for wives.

I record these strange things, hesitatingly, wondering whether I do well or not to record the beastliness in man.

Sometimes, I think the beast is better than man.

If he has his moments of uncontrolled passion, it is, but, to reproduce his kind, obeying, only, the urge of creation.

But man and woman when he is the defiler of the chalice, and she, the defiled chalice, have fallen below the beast.

CHAPTER III

THE GALA LAMA

FROM Kashgar, we travelled on the main road for two days, and as suddenly left the road.

The scenery was magnificent : and I was very, very happy amidst the great mountains, despite the hardship we encountered : so great was the charm of travelling through valleys, up hills ; the delight of inhaling cool mountain air, and leaving civilization and its tyrannies far behind, caring nothing for elaborate toilettes and the paraphernalia of everyday social life.

They gave me tea with butter floating on it, and though the Lama lapped it up greedily with much smacking of lips, I could not touch it : the mere sight of the butter floating on the tea made me feel very sick. When I asked for milk, instead of butter, there was much laughter on all sides.

The Lama, I remember, made a sermon on my preferring milk to the essence of milk, comparing my attitude to that of the worldly man who not having found the essence of life—spirituality—asked for the inferior part.

Was he serious ? Was he sincere ?

I watched him carefully, wrapped in his Lama's robes, seated above the multitude, on a special seat which two porters carried for him.

He always sat above the crowd ; and I remembered

how a famous French Prefect had told me that in questioning a person, the surest way to make him feel at a disadvantage was to seat him at a lower level. The Lama dwelt long on virtues which I, who knew him well, knew he least possessed.

Yet, he spoke with fervour, and I knew that he impressed his followers. Had they vested him, as I had, with the power of their own imagination? Or, was he really great? And, I, alone, now incapable of appreciating the greatness?

I saw little or nothing of the Lama during this journey into Tibet.

I remained exclusively with the nuns, and he, with the monks.

Only when we reached the Lamaserie at Perpon, did he send for me, and tell me that my room was adjoining his. He commanded me, somewhat roughly I thought, but, no doubt, for the benefit of a few of the curious who were listening, to prepare him some food as he was hungry.

Chang Foo and I, together, did our best.

I was to meet the Gala Lama the next day; and the Lama bade me be prepared for the great honour in store.

He suggested, too, that I should shave my head; but this I refused absolutely.

I had lovely hair: it is lovely even now, and I curl a strand over my finger as I write, and watch its shining silkiness fall, and find, still, some faint weary pleasure in the sight: so hard does vanity in a woman die.

The Lama, to my surprise, spent part of the night with me, but he appeared different. I found him harsh, felt him restless. He said he was not prepared to lose me as a wife: but, here, I must realise, thoroughly, that my place as an Indian wife, was not higher than a slave or chattel.

I accepted his decision, falling into my usual heavy slumber till dawn, when the bells of the Lamaserie rang, and a thousand prayer-wheels turned and creaked.

The scene outside was beautiful : the tall trees, throwing cool shadows, the sun filtering russet, yellow and brown patches on to an emerald-green shadow, and sometimes peppering it with bright gold. Had I discussed my upliftment of soul, due to the beauty around me with the Lama, he would certainly have ascribed it to the "oxygen" and virtue of the Lamaserie.

There was a pungent smell of the pines everywhere which made me draw in long breaths of refreshing sweetness : the pine cones under my sandalled feet gave forth a crackling sound, augmenting the same strange exhilaration that, I have since learnt, is associated, always, with a first visit to mountains and to the pure air of comparative solitude.

I drank my morning tea without milk, still refusing the addition of that hateful butter, and ate with relish the dry wheaten cakes prepared by Chang Foo, with a chutney made from some sour herb of the valley. After this meal, I was told I was to meet the Gala Lama.

I neither dreaded, nor looked forward to this visit.

Subconsciously I knew I had earned his disapproval ; yet he had sent for me, this Lama of Lamas, and though my husband was nervous and restive, I felt strangely at ease.

I was ushered through a temple coutyard to the temple and a cell within the temple : and for some time the darkness made me see nothing, and I grew, for the first time, vaguely unhappy. My eyes, growing used to the darkness, I saw, on a pulpit, at the very end of the long cell, lighted by a pale ray of light falling on his head—the Gala Lama.

How shall I describe him ?

As I saw him that day, or in the light of the days that followed when I saw him differently ?

He was very old.

They said he was, at least, eight hundred years of age.

Nothing of him, however, was old except his eyes : and they were, indeed, old, terribly old, slits in a cold face —burning, bright eyes. He was—I felt—uncannily old, weary and—indifferent.

He bade me be seated, and after the usual obeisances, I sat.

I had learnt a little of the language, and this is what he said to the Lama, word by word, imprinted on my brain for eternity.

“ Yes, she is young, strong and beautiful. *Use her for the elixir of life and give me to drink.* The time is near.”

And the Lama replied sullenly : “ It is impossible, for she is already my wife, and has borne me several children.”

Where had I heard this before ? In Dumas’ novels ? I swear I heard it again under Tibetan pines.

The Gala Lama said in his penetrating whisper : “ You are a criminal. You have forced me into death. You—you—most vile—”

The Lama replied : “ Take a new birth in one of my children. I won’t have her used thus for the present. Later on when I need her less—try : but she is too much involved now *for your purpose.* Find a new woman, a virgin, or one who has but one or two children. Leave her alone. She is, now, no good for you.”

This conversation frightened me considerably.

Later I *knew* the meaning. I was not to be killed : but—keep away from monks, my sisters—monks, especially *whose lips have turned black*.

For you shall know later why those lips have changed colour, and you shall—beware.

CHAPTER IV

X.Y.Z.

THE Gala Lama's chief pupil was X.Y.Z.

From the first there was some extraordinary hatred between us both ; the stranger, because he was extraordinarily handsome, and I was yet, young and beautiful.

He accounted for his antipathy towards me thus : I had blemished he said the fame of the last " Tirthankar," my husband.

No one knew X.Y.Z.'s real name. His pupils spoke of him as the Master.

The Gala Lama, they told me, no longer travelled in his astral body, but his pupil did this often. Incredible though it may seem to readers, I have seen him. We invoked him thus : " X.Y.Z. please make us fit by the *Taraka Bindu* * initiation to realise Brahma in this birth—Come—" We lay on our backs, palms downwards, in the death " asana " ; and when he came, our hands flew up involuntarily in the Namaskar—hands clasped in prayer.

X.Y.Z., they assured me, was hundreds of years old, living by the elixir of life he steals from women.

X.Y.Z. was not human.

The Lama assured me that he was superhuman : I believed him sub-human.

* A Star-light, now believed to have a physical counterpart. Please see the writer's *Tantrik Secret of Immaculate Conception*.

He was like an idol in a Greek temple, and as cold and hard.

His eyes looked oddly through the poor human people, women mostly, who prostrated daily at his feet.

He had many devotees, and he surveyed them with drowsy brown eyes, drawing, reptile-like, those who were necessary to his life.

He drained them thoroughly: and they left him dizzy with the strange intoxication of utter exhaustion.

X.Y.Z. feared that I knew much; and where there is fear, hatred comes automatically.

Hatred, at least, holds interest; and X.Y.Z. knew that I had learnt why his lips were black: and that his youth would remain till another woman would give him the glands of youth freshly distilled from her living body.

For this is what they want of women: this is their great secret.

I have written to warn those who like me, stirred by the unusual, have fallen at the feet of powerful men with strange powers, unbound by the conventions and without the compassion of ordinary men.

My unusual life had made me lose count of time. I was not sure whether I lived in the past, the present, or presaged the future, or live in all times.

In that cave on the mountains of the Himalayas, a madness of the world, or any other, had descended on me. I was happy, like one drugged, wholly submissive to the will of the Lama who was my husband.

Was I ever civilised? Anyone? Or, are we all underneath as wild, as passionate, as uncontrolled as ever? Have we only learnt to hide our real emotions, to deceive the world, perhaps, but never ourselves? I often asked

these questions to myself in my few thinking moments. The Lama and I were educated in different schools.

I hated anything not wholly truthful. To him truth and untruth are the same. He lies without compunction, without thought; and at other times, is transparently honest.

I was clean in my person, fastidious to a fault: he went, for months, without a bath.

I was incapable of hypocrisy: and he? Yet, we were husband and wife and I bore him many children.

I wondered what was the affinity that had brought us together: or did repulsion itself bind?

I had, indeed, thought of the Lama as an incarnation of divinity: an incarnation that dealt with untruth! And I married him thinking him the holiest of men. Perhaps it was only self-pride that held me in its net: for my Lama had prophesied that I was destined to be the mother of the—Messiah.

I believed that prophecy, too, for a time.

X.Y.Z. knew of this prophecy: I did not fear X.Y.Z., though he had terrible powers.

I have seen whole villages devastated by hailstones brought on by his curse; and one little village alone, marked off by him in his map, as immune, escaped.

I write of that which I have seen, not heard: of things perpetuated in the name of magic that would make me believe in the burning of witches.

There are devils in men, and men in devils: and the continual warfare of right and wrong will go on till the little earth is snuffed out like another burnt-out candle: but I know that the seeds of every ideal shall remain: and that, greater than the Gala Lama or X.Y.Z. is—GOD.

CHAPTER V

PAST BIRTHS

ONCE, lying in the arms of the Lama, my face pressed against his beard smelling of incense and sandalwood ; hearing, as if in a dream, his strange, husky laugh of pleasure, he bade me—"Remember" ; and I remembered.

I was on a blue mountain—probably the Nilgiris, lying on a bear-skin in a cave, and I was dressed in rough white wool : and my name, he said, was "Kashmi" and his "Shraddha."

I waited, it seemed, for him all day, anxiously : and at sunset, he came and brought me something which we cooked together at the small cooking place.

Afterwards he gave me some intoxicating drug to drink : and later I slept first watching him close, with a large stone, the entrance to our cave.

I remembered warmth, languor and ecstasy supreme !

I was he ! He was I ! Then the faint rushlight faded out into darkness.

I awoke as if from a far-off dream, still in his arms, drowsy with the languor and passion of an old, old story.

Hypnotism ? Witch-craft ? Another birth ? God knows what it all was. I am writing it down carefully for others to remember, for others to know the methods, others to heed the danger : for it is a greater one than they realize, and I believe the Unknown God bids me write.

Once again, the Lama bade me remember: and I dreamt I was a Brahmin boy bathing in the cool, limpid waters of the Narmada: and he was a girl whom I had seduced to my pleasure on the river-shore, whilst the bells of the temple called me in vain to my twilight prayers.

I came to my senses, I remember, this time, with a strange, new feeling of power: was that girl really the Lama? The girl had been so humble, so yielding, so weak; and after possession I had been so utterly indifferent. Was there, indeed, Nemesis in man's allotted fate?

And, yet, again the Lama bade me remember: and in the new dream I saw that he was a priest of a powerful temple and I, a girl, of his kith and kind, forbidden to him in marriage by the tenets of his clan, the dicta of his caste.

But I became his beloved, all the same, one warm day, whilst he worshipped by the idol of the goddess: and in his mad passion for me, I remember he pushed the idol aside and we lay in each other's arms by the prostrate goddess.

Was it, in that birth, that the goddess had, truly, cursed us: for I went through maze after maze, tangled births after births: we wandered together as low-caste people, beggars, always together—seducer or seduced—till again we met, I—Mary La Mont and he—a Lama.

Were these births true?

Had we, who lived in so many dreams, for all births—why life itself is only a dream—really loved each other through them all till now, when we would hate the very memory of each other?

Was that the end of life? The breaking of all attachment—the severing of every bond.

If past births were true, then he was bound equally with

me. I wondered: would he be glad, or sorry, to be free of me and my glamour?

I had no way of reading that queer brain of his: no way of judging the truth of the dreams he showed me by a touch of his hand. I knew that he was capable of the utmost dissimulation, and that he placed me in hypnotic trances. Once, when I was, as usual, half asleep under his touch, he had asked me the means to win me: and learnt the means without troubling to bid me forget the question.

I had told him, truthfully enough, that he could win me best by ignoring me after first giving me the warmest of love: for the vanity in woman having tasted conquest could not bear the semblance of defeat: and she would strive, for ever, for the conquest of the apparently won—not even knowing when it was lost. /

Was this true of all women, I wondered, or was it true only of me?

But each woman must answer this to her own satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI

THE KAULA CIRCLE

WHEN X.Y.Z. knew that I would write of the secrets of the Circle, he cursed me in no uncertain words.

“ White spawn ! ” he spluttered, “ I read thy evil heart. If thou darest write of our ancient mysteries, thou shalt be curst with plagues worse than those of Egypt.”

I knew his power too well.

He wrote for me, at that time, the name of a certain powerful prince on a piece of bark : and he added a word, and a number, and he burnt both ; and that prince’s people changed towards him : and he was obliged to flee from his capital for his very life.

“ So shall I write and burn your name,” said X.Y.Z.

But I shall write—despite X.Y.Z.—and if God wills, the world shall read, and know of all these doings.

The cult of the Circle is already in vogue in Europe in secret places ; and I must tell the world of it all.

But whether it was my nerves that had broken down, or, whether X.Y.Z. had poisoned me, my health began to fail rapidly after his threat : so great is the power of suggestion.

At nights, it was as if a thousand red ants walked up and down nibbling my body : or, again as if red-hot needles ran through every toe and finger.

I know I was very frightened, and went down to India to be treated.

Sometimes, I would shriek aloud, and my servants would fly to my bedside in fright.

A doctor was sent for who diagnosed my disease as a bad attack of puerperal neuritis due to some unknown toxins in my system. He advised me to go to Europe and get an expert's opinion. I think, I was mad for awhile, for I believed that a man in a cave in Tibet had written my name and number on a bark, and had injected these toxins in my blood by his will.

I had cursed X.Y.Z., in turn, crying out that I, too, was powerful, learned in spells : that they forgot that for nine years they had worshipped me as the world-mother.

The Lama came to see me, and with him was X.Y.Z.

They asked me not to worry myself, and return to Tibet. But some new fear of them had entered my mind ; and I refused. They left me sadly. When I was better, I began to write.

The "Kaula" circle is the circle of the worshippers of the left-hand path, whose secret none but they of this circle have known till now.

In this circle, the woman is the "mother"—but *all her desires are fulfilled* : that is the vow.

Few women come through the ordeal pure, unstained : for it is believed that the husband is born of the mother, and the mother and the wife are interchangeable terms in the circle.

The outer court of the temple of the goddess was heaped with raw-flesh, fish, and these, with wine, were given to those of the outer circle.

Man after man, woman after woman passed by me, singing, reeling and dead drunk.

Later on, they would be forced to drink the forty-two bottles of wine prescribed by the rules of the ceremony : eat, drink and be merry and die : for their doom—poor fools—was already on them.

They would not remember anything on the morrow. They would not know that their Ka-Juse (I prefer the Egyptian word here), their vital spirit, loosened by intoxication and passion a little from their bodies, had been captured and absorbed.

I, still, remember that inner courtyard : stark-naked men and women, who, from time to time, with excruciating yells, leapt to their feet, shaking their heads backwards and forwards, the women with loosened locks falling in black disorder about their heaving, shaking breasts.

A voice would then cry out in deepest scorn the sonorous Sanscrit Tantrik verse : "Let their desires be satisfied." And there would be a perfect orgy of bestiality.

The outer circle absorbed the essence of murdered animals : the inner absorbed *them* : from the highest to the lowest in the universe one lived by sacrificing something.

It was fair according to this cult that God-head should demand a sacrifice. In the sacrifice of others alone lay his god-head.

What is to be the end ?

Will the world belong to those who absorb the most : or, perhaps, that One will, indeed, absorb it all in Himself again as the vedantists declare, like the spider absorbing its own thread ?

Is it for secrets like these we of Europe come to seek wisdom ? Let me tell of them here. I met a European who was one of X.Y.Z.'s pupils. He called himself by a

number. In the beginning he was extremely handsome, afterwards he grew gross. The man of God is beautiful.

He had many women at his disposal : and he spoke of them quite calmly and openly. He said that he had several children born to him by them thro' magic.

He learnt many magical processes by which he drew into his circle great phantoms.

I witnessed one of his evocations : he had, with him, a pupil, a thin, long-nosed boy for whom I conceived a great pity.

He was so eager, so thrilled at all and so sincere : he sat very still, his eyes on the tip of that long nose of his, his long thin hands resting on each other, his legs crossed in the lotus posture. I wondered why he had followed the man whose number was 666 : for his soul's sake, for the acquisition of good, or, for the acquisition of power ?

I suspected, always, that the last was the greatest force of all—for the poison of desire is hidden so insidiously in the flower that calls itself goodness as to be unseen before it darts out too late to recognise, to kill.

666 wore a ceremonial robe, had a pentacle, a wand, a sword and a cup. I watched him from my corner solemnly cleansing the altar with water shaken in drops from a blade of grass : and heard him chant Sanscrit mantras ; whilst Tibetan acolytes waved censors of incense.

To the beasts the consolation of laughter is denied. I wished that 666 and the thin boy could have laughed.

I can still see 666 : he was tall and handsome. He had a strong jaw on a massive neck and in strange contrast, he had small, womanly hands showing up in the dusk, clear white patches, against his black robe.

I watched that day the spirits he evoked with the help

of the Lamas. They came first in smoky vapour, emanation of the impurity that comes from desire, and surrounded him like a smoke cloud.

I saw spots form in that cloud, and each spot dragged round itself a little more, a little less of his vital force : then enlarge and fall into the shape of phantom-figures called from the forgotten sarcophagi of the world: one of whom crowned with a diadem and wearing an Egyptian headdress of sorts came forward threateningly.

All 666's own life force—expended at will on concubines, or evocations, and—afterwards ?

Afterwards ! These withered husks of rash men and women declaim against God, and man ; and vainly cry out for the happiness that life, no longer, holds for them.

Have they who cried out ever added an iota to the happiness of the world ? They, who expect gods, men and beasts unceasingly to contribute to their needs ?

I saw 666 fall to the ground frothing at the mouth ; yet he was training his pupil for the same ordeal.

666 wanted his pupil to strengthen his will-power and alertness. He told him not to use the word " the " or " no " in any conversation : and should he unwittingly transgress this injunction, he must gash himself on the arm with a knife to make the boy remember his mind's desire. This method, he thought, made the brain watchful.

The poor boy was covered with gashes.

I am saddened for these wasted lives ; and I hope the reading of this slender treatise will prevent the misguided enthusiasts of the world spilling the enthusiasm of youth before strange altars to unknown gods.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAHARAJA OF X

Most people remember the late Maharaja of X, who died quite recently in somewhat mysterious circumstances.

This strange mixture of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was, at one time, the main topic of talk of more than half of India ; so extraordinary and so varied were his eccentricities ; yet, so perfect and so cultured were his views on life, modelled in phrases above reproach.

His cruelties were colossal : but at other times, his kindnesses, his liberality and the nobility of some of his gestures would take, and, indeed, took, India by storm. He owns a very lovely palace half-way up the mountains at _____.

Tall, debonair, ugly, except for his brilliant brown eyes, his orgies in the year — made him notorious. His own wives, to his credit, or discredit, were the principal participants in these orgies, and were added proof, if any were needed of the statement I make now, that this misguided Maharaja of X was conducting the "Kaula" Circle and learning the elixir of youth as taught to him by his "Guru" L.P. : both trying to add to their span of years, by the living sacrifice of the life-essence of poor, foolish men and women.

But should I pity anyone of them, I wonder ?

Is not the word "poor" misued?

Must there not have been some tremendous affinity that linked and dragged to their doom these wretched men and women?

How did I escape, at last, from the terrible net of my own mistake, my own affinity to evil?

By some superhuman effort, surely.

But have I escaped?

I had given, freely, in the beginning, with desire and love for divine things alone: but I am made beastly. I have given to the beasts the lusts of life—and I, too, am doomed—I fear.

I still live, but like 666, by the aid of drugs.

Pain, pain, pain!

But, before I die, I must tell all. I mustn't wander: must conserve all my energies to tell all.

Even in the tragedy of the Maharaja of X's life and death, there is a lesson to be learnt—though I—without morals as I am—lay no claim to being a moralist.

I dwell on the Maharaja, because he, too, was a victim of a Lama: he, too, fell for his love of a Kaliyuga—"guru"; and in the holocaust a woman lost herself—body and soul—his wife.

The new Maharani was a lovely girl from one of the villages nestling below the Himalayas.

There are never wanting in India men who sell these flowers of womanhood to princes: and the Maharaja's emissaries had informed him about her beauty. Maid-servants from his zenana had gone personally to assure themselves of the truth of the girl-seller's reports.

✓ Jasvantba was very happy in the first year of her married life. She fell under the strange spell of the Maharaja ; and she was, for that year, a clean woman, who hated the orgies at X.

But she was, also, a full-blooded sensual hill-woman, and wine and rich food changed her mentality. She soon found pleasure in the embraces of men whom her husband forced her to submit to on those full-moon nights when the goddess was worshipped in her person.

How he laughed at them all, this Maharaja ! He had a cynical, bitter humour, and sometimes a clean humour, but this did not save him from his own folly.

✓ Sober and watchful, he sneered at their want of self-control, when wine and women took hold, and with what calmness he used the "mantras"—his "guru" taught him enabling him to absorb the essence of their youth. ✓

People noted how man after man in the Maharaja's service lost beauty, manhood and health, whilst the Maharaja alone remained young and strong. ✓

Ah ! Well ! His time, too, came at last. Jasvantba did not live long enough to lose either beauty or health.

She died in the full bloom of womanhood : and but for the sad event of her parent's visit to X, she might, yet—to her misfortune, perhaps—have been alive to-day.

Jasvantba's parents came to X on the Maharaja's express invitation, though it must be admitted not before those parents had ventured several hints, and had shown much desire to see their daughter in her new rôle of queen.

They came, they saw, and they were delighted : they saw the lovely palace she lived in, her jewels, her clothes and her numerous maid-servants.

They noted that she looked happy and contented,

positively sleek with well-being—had she lived, she would have been very fat in the course of a few years.

And Jasvantba asked of her lord the Maharaja a favour : that her mother should not know of her infidelities, even though those infidelities were licensed by her own husband.

Whilst her mother was there, let them stop all orgies, she implored him, lest a whisper—even a whisper—reach the poor lady of the simple ideals of a home far from a court, and her heart break. The Maharaja chafed at this request.

He was in a wicked mood. Who was this “Girasani” * with her two buffaloes, her two bullocks and ten acres of land, to tell him—the lord of lakhs what to do, and what not to do, to foist her code of what was wrong and what was right on him, to judge him by her own law ?

Poor Jasvantba, dressed in her wonderful brocades, covered with jewels that would ransom a thousand kings, with her great, black eyes looking so eagerly into life—better—a hundred times better had you, too, married a Girasia with only two buffaloes or ten acres, a simple Rajputani of wide, green fields : better you had baked for your husband, millet bread of your home, cooked for him brinjals spiced with mustard seed, milked his buffaloes, and from the sweet curd of your setting made his butter and the wholesome “ghee” that so seldom reaches the markets of India, than acted the royal prostitute.

The Maharaja promised Jasvantba that her mother should never know of her moral downfall.

He sent to Jasvantba a favourite menial of menials : and when she lay drunk with him in bed, he sent hasty word to her mother that her daughter was ill and needed

* Wife of a land-owner.

her immediately: and the poor, simple hill-mother, hastening to her daughter saw all.

Later on they talked of it together, mother and daughter.

And the mother, on her knees, implored her daughter first to kill her wicked husband, and then die.

Poor Jasvantba! She swore at her mother's feet that she would do as she was bidden: and she prayed to her gods for forgiveness that she had not thought of this solution before.

Before the final culmination of decay, leaves take on most wonderful colours, russet, gold and brown: flowers give out scents so persistent, so lovely—and withal so elusive, that one forgets that they are the sad perfumes of those already dead: and the realists of the kind I dislike might quote that a corpse, just before dissolution, takes on exquisite hues of delicate rare waxen-yellow, blue or mauve.

The Maharaja's charm was the charm of the dead: the charm of the unknown, the unusual.

I watched men who hated him, absorbed by him, against their better judgment.

Dreams! Dreams! Dreams! One more, of a world that has lost itself in a past that is gone for ever: painted in here because my memory holds the Maharaja amongst all the figures that coloured my brain with the vivid hues of an imagination gone mad: and the man who should have died instead of the Maharaja and Maharani of X, died more justly, was the "Sadhu" L.P.: his "guru."

CHAPTER VIII

THE END

AN old Sanscrit verse addressed to the Unknown God : a song from the lips of a sage, who is dying, ran through my head : " For Thy sake I have renounced the pleasures of this world : for Thy sake the pleasures of the next— yet You have not manifested Yourself to me, nor have You shown Yourself to me in any form."

Dying, I say the same of God.

I link myself with the broken CHRIST, on the cross. He was greater.

He could not have been so cruel to anyone, as God, if He really exists outside ourselves, has been to man.

The fruit of the knowledge of good and evil that claims to make men as God ; the fruit which I have eaten, leaves man isolated from both God and man.

I think I must say that, too, of my pitiful self.

To be one of humanity is better for man.

Man is, always, above the angels for were they not commanded to worship him : and God, Himself, had to become man before He could save man ?

Therefore, man is not a small thing in the universes.

This is the grandest thought my philosophy has given me.

I must not despair again, for if time is not, neither are we, and if time is eternal, then we, too, shall dream once again

with the added wisdom of the past ; profiting by mistakes and sufferings : and like a painter, repainting a picture, mix the colours more carefully, putting them on this canvas of life less hastily.

Thank God, that memory dies with death : and there only remains from experience—wisdom.

I have finished what I have to write.

I am afraid to re-read these papers. I shall close them and seal them carefully : and I do not want to open the envelope again. I cannot bear to re-read the tale of one who has nearly lost all faith, both in man and God, especially as I had wanted so badly to retain both.

Was my only achievement to know myself ? To have discovered the highest values of man only to learn that they are hopelessly linked with those of the lowest.

I prayed for a sign that God was ; and cried and cried because neither God nor his devotees would or could answer my prayer.

I thought with mad misery that there was, indeed, no God to answer my prayers, no goodness, no joy in heaven or on earth.

And suddenly my room was filled with the fragrance of roses : red English roses.

I turned my head eagerly to the right whence the sweet-ness came, and drew in whiff after whiff of the grateful odour. It is not the season for roses.

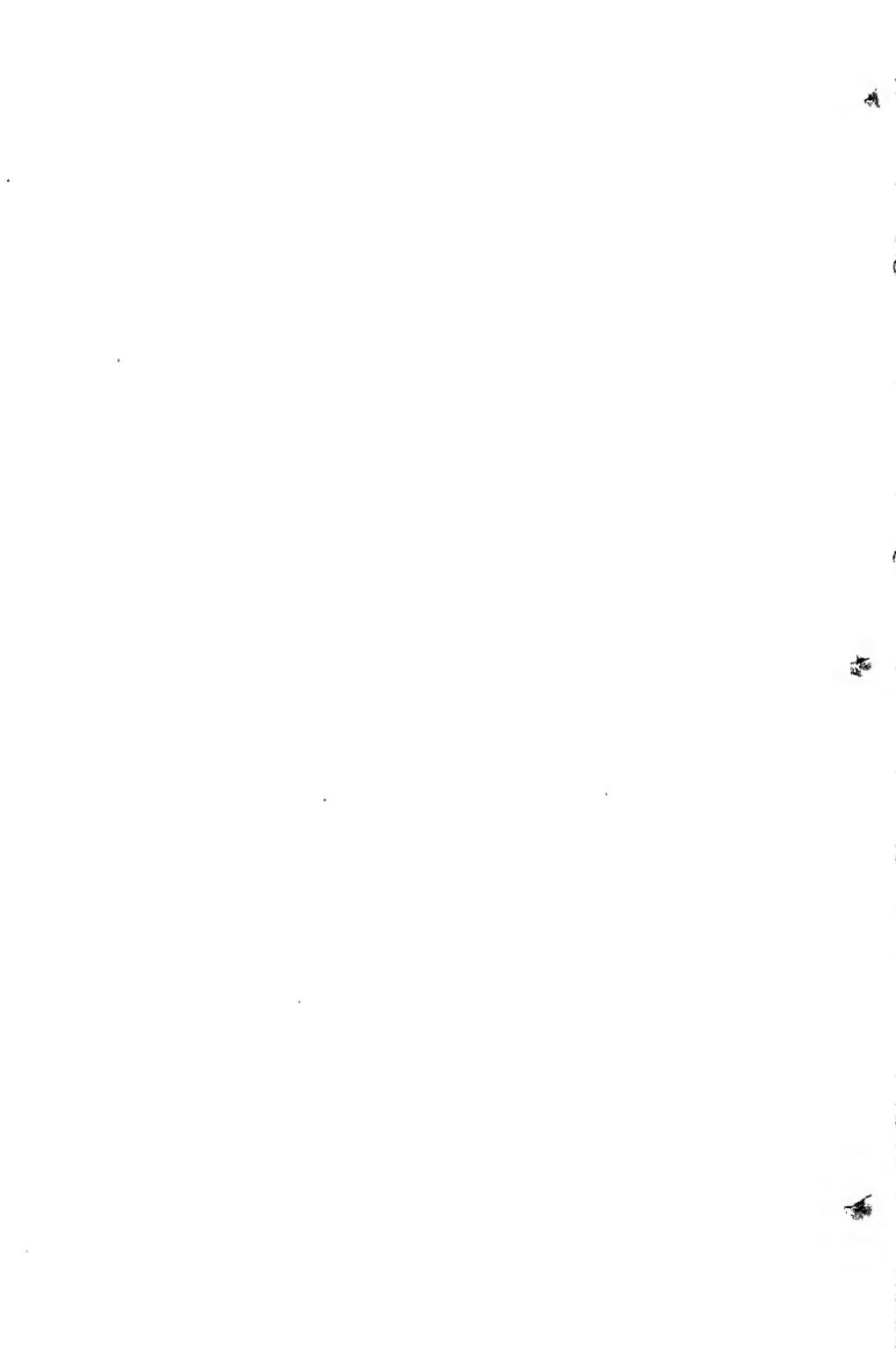
I see that I am not well—but if I am dying, dying happily at last, with the memory of an unknown fragrance—cooling me, saturating me—“ Whose fragrance fills the worlds——”*

Who said that ?

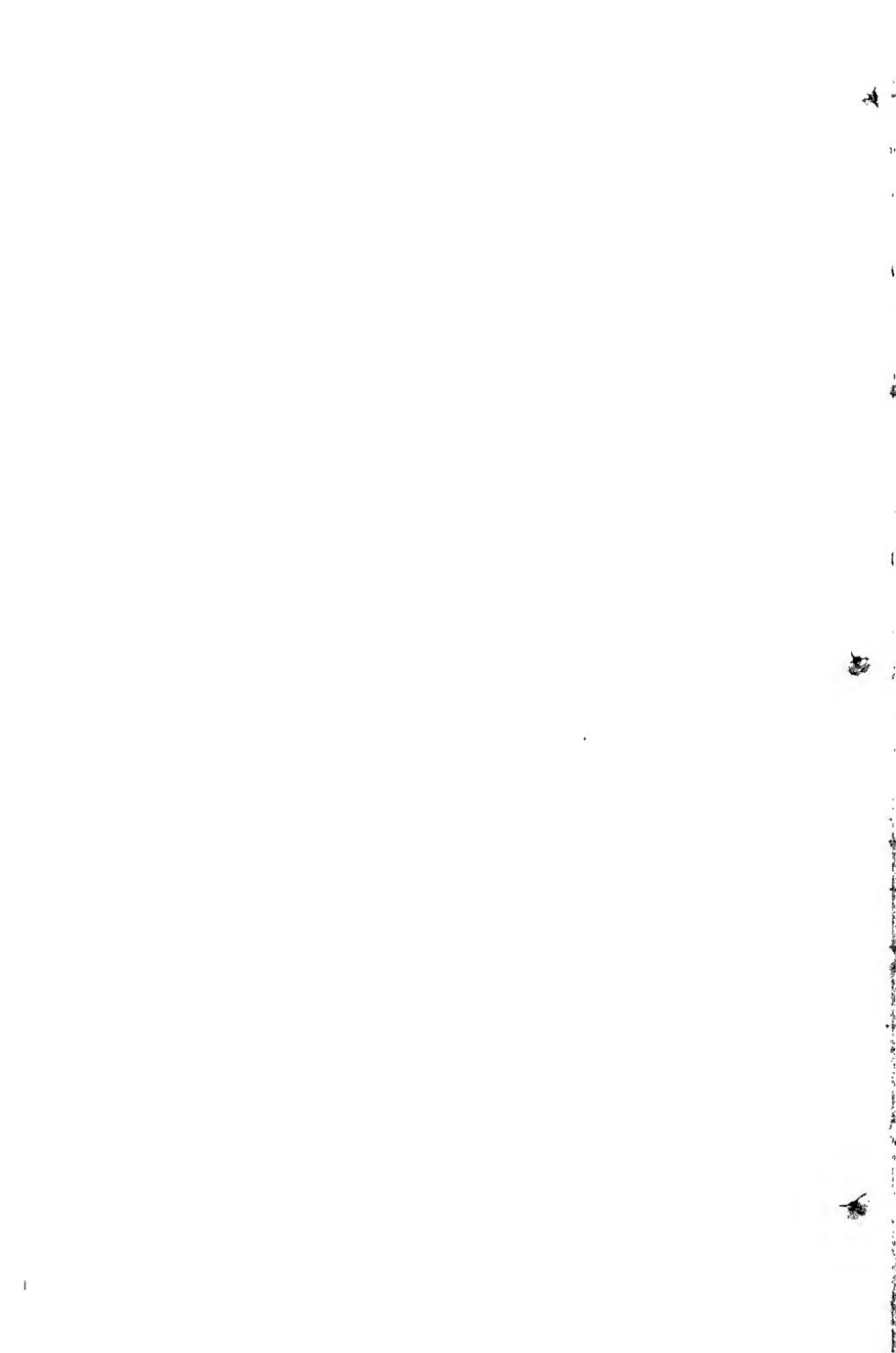
* See the writer's *Shiva*—LUZAC & Co.

Hope came to me again.

I knew, then, that God lies in the sweet, tender, simple things of life—and He is the resurrected *man*—the Christ.



PART II



MONSIEUR JEAN DE GRAEME'S EPILOGUE

I HAVE always been interested in Tibet, and in the subconscious cells of my brain, I find the interest lies in the association of certain ideas: Tibet, Mahatmas, super-human powers, mysticism—in fact, all the inaccessible things of life that make for romance.

Many books have come to me about Tibet: old manuscripts, that, without—I am told—the key to unlock their mystery, are but a jumble of ideas set amidst strange settings.

Many “Mahatmas”—pseudo-ones included—have told me strange tales, and given me accounts of their novel experiences.

Like the Buddhist philosopher of old, I have not needed to be a thief to know the sensations of a thief when he is caught by the police.

But more than mere stories were needed to make me tell of these things to the world; and even now the tale is not complete.

Not because the completion of it is beyond me: but the completion of it can never be.

It is beyond my powers of comprehension to understand these things, though I have tried for years. Let the psychologist, the critic, and the philosopher each make his own decision.

There is something here, at one and the same time, too high for present-day humanity and too low.

I am Jean de Graeme. I am the executor of Madam La Mont's effects: and I advertised for any papers or information concerning her; and a "Sadhu" brought me her papers.

She had died in a small house in the Himalayas, and she had entrusted them to him to send to her people. The "Sadhu" himself could not read, did not even dream of the tale that was unfolded.

But he, too, was a disillusioned man.

He thought the world was dying, slipping away from every ideal, from faith in God, faith in angels, faith in man—losing this last, too, in its descent—faith in, at least, a dog's fidelity, or the love in a bird's song, perhaps these alone now meant something to man; when these faiths, too, crumbled, for life is built on the love of self, man would have faith in what?

This "Sadhu" did not know anything of Madam La Mont's ancestry. He knew she had once been the mistress of a Lama.

Life's assets and treasures are assessed according to whether we have them in ourselves or not.

Madam La Mont had read of the great ones of the world: the sources of all temporal power: the real Caliphs—blessed of God—who, in turn, control kings. She sought for these, and the manner and end of her seeking are in these pages.

The world of to-day tires of much make-believe: but in its search for reality finds greater disillusionment.

That which was Madam La Mont may, still, be living somewhere: the real La Mont merging into an unreal one, or the other way about.

I have placed her papers, with difficulty, in some sort

of order, and have not altered them in any appreciable manner.

The "sadhu" tells me she lies in a Christian cemetery. I heard much of her last moments from the sadhu: though nothing that can contribute materially to the tale she has left. She appears to have finished it only a few weeks before she died.

I heard that it was only with the District Magistrate's aid that the body was buried in a Christian cemetery: that the weirdest people possible wanted to take away her body from the bungalow: and that despite the District Magistrate's injunction and a mounted guard, an attempt was made.

Even the servants were on the side of the Mahatmas.

In giving her papers to the press, I wondered how much weight could be put on sentiments expressed in this manner.

I doubted the accuracy of the writer.

Destiny, however, stepped in to make me certain that her statements were not false.

I am told that she was the most harmless, innocent and forgiving of creatures: and that she should so set her heart on the exposure of any man or sect, if it proved nothing else, proved how terribly they had outraged her most sacred feelings. I believe she wrote with the purest of motives, not for mere revenge, but to help others: to prevent them, perhaps, from a similar fate.

I had finished editing Madam La Mont's diary, and was feeling very tired.

The evening's post brought me a long rambling letter from a strange man, one of the many "sadhus" who

wanted to know of Madam La Mont's immense wealth ; though he was too astute to let me know this at the beginning of the letter.

He little knew—and I was at no pains to advertise the fact—that Madam La Mont's wealth, true fairy-gold, appeared to have crumbled to ashes almost as soon as she died.

Her stocks and shares fell to nothing : her famous bars of gold, analysed, proved an unknown, valuable, but non-marketable metal.

All contained gold of unusual purity, but the process of extracting it was far too costly.

Her beautiful, little house was, I believe, auctioned at last : and the money invested for the upkeep of her pets.

This new sadhu wrote from an address in the Travancore Hills. He said he was under a vow of silence : but I am fully aware of these silent vows which never preclude Mahatmas from writing.

Rather an anomaly when you come to consider it, this silence, so called, of word by mouth alone.

My writer from the Travancore Hills wrote that he had been a sadhu for forty years, wandering the world, when he heard of Madam La Mont.

He wanted to call upon me very shortly in her connection, as he had heard I was publishing her diary.

He left no address.

I am the kind that tolerate my fellow-creatures exceedingly : but for this trait in my character, I could never have tolerated Hari Nur, for this was the name of the fellow, even for a moment.

For he came, of course, as I knew he would : in appearance he was small and harmless looking.

He wore a pair of dark glasses, which he afterwards discarded, disclosing a pair of round, staring bloodshot eyes which were better hidden: they were of so horrible an appearance as to lend to his whole face something repellent and evil.

I had to put him up in an outside room, and waited, in due course, to hear what he wanted.

Of course the answer was—nothing. My name, he said, had come up before the great ones of India; and he was, in fact—his own actual words—a kind of John the Baptist ushering in a personage who would shortly make his appearance before me.

Hari Nur had credentials of a sort which I perused carefully.

His father had been Dewan to a certain Maharaja—a Brahmin. I had heard of this Maharaja of great culture—a little, loathsome personality.

His death had released from his palace five hundred very young girls, in pickle as it were, ripening for his selection.

We discussed these things quite frankly: and I believe Hari Nur thought he had found out my weak spot.

I can see his leer even now.

We took our meals together: for Brahmin, though he was, he was not above eating with me or partaking of meat—a great test this: for if man cannot be true to the cultures and ideals of his own creeds, he will be true to nothing.

After a few days, I opened out the talk of the “Kaula” circle: and found that Madam La Mont’s terrible picture was only too true.

Hari Nur assured me, however, that the flesh, the fish,

the wine and women they used in ritual were "blinds" to hide wonderful mysteries of a very high order. Later he changed the word to tests.

He wanted me to go with him to Travancore where he would show me some very wonderful sights. I asked him if he could procure me entrance into a temple, and allow me to be present at a "Kaula" circle.

He appeared genuinely sorry; but he said it was impossible.

He offered, however, to show me an idol of a gigantic Buddha forming itself between two high and solid rocks, and pressing them apart, and, less inspiring, though it was evident, he thought it the more wonderful of the two—an idol of the goddess that menstruated regularly every month!

The priest brought the diapers she had to wear, for European and Indian alike to see.

Ah! well! Someone will wash India clean one day: but many books will lose value, and phenomena like the sun's rays drawing fragrance from cotton-wool, assuming, if any, the importance of so ordinary a feat, will be counted as naught.

For days Hari Nur and I took our meals together and discussed many things that I wanted to hear, merely, for the sake of corroboration; and many things that I disliked hearing, yet were not without interest.

India, despite her great and wonderful philosophy is, to-day, almost spiritually bankrupt.

Perhaps the forcing of an entry into temples, where strange, unknown rites occur in the name of religion, does give a man significance.

Hari Nur's father—so Hari Nur told me—was a member

of the esoteric section of the Theosophical society in its earliest days : a man who was highly respected.

He gave me a full account of the Tibetan initiation which his father, he says, heard from _____'s own lips.

A certain Mahatma "used" the lady procuring a substance from her body which he ate. This Mahatma is, still, alive ; and Hari Nur claims that his age, now, would be at least two hundred years. His faculties, however, were decaying again, and he was looking for another woman whose glands he could eat, and so renew himself.

It would appear that not every woman would do for this feat.

She must be a woman who had no child, or, at the most, only one ; a woman of great strength of mind and considerable purity of character. _____, Hari Nur assured me, was a woman very favourable in every way : as a girl, she was extremely lovely and good. She was, therefore, it would appear, a fit victim, though Hari Nur did not use the word "victim."

After her foolish experiments apart from the Mahatmas—I am still quoting Hari Nur—she became a prey to disease : and minus essential glands became inordinately fat.

The Lama—God save the word—went on Hari Nur, who "used" the divine lady—was different to the Lama who rescued her when she was driven from the temple-cave.

It was the lady's own mistake—Hari Nur assured me earnestly—not the Mahatmas' : by the aid of their special private sacred chair, their special vibrating apparatus, vibrated by "mantras" which she conned by heart—she had a marvellous memory—she had tried to take from herself, the very same substance that had been taken from her own body once before.

This is Hari Nur's tale for what it is worth: its only value lies in its corroboration of the strange story of Madam La Mont.

Fantastic though Hari Nur's story may appear to Western readers, it appeared to me to be not without truth. Hari Nur added, that, in the search for the substance spoken of so highly, so obscurely in Madam _____'s old writings, reading wrongly, brought trouble to several societies.

Hari Nur's real plan of visiting me, however, came out later.

He had already offered to translate many occult manuscripts for me: the world clamoured for this sort of thing. The money he wanted, he said, for the founding of an occult society.

Poor Hari Nur! It must have been a great disillusionment to hear that I could give him no donations: that I cared not a "tuppence" for his occult knowledge.

He presented me with a number of papers on subjects to be taught in his school.

The first degree, their own word, almost inspiring: the sixth degree: a frightful mixture of frank sex writers at their worst.

The sixth degree approached the "Kaula," I fancy: for, for the seventh degree, they wanted only a few of the chosen and elect of the world, and these in person.

He then begged me to give him Madam La Mont's papers. He called down anathemas on the "sadhüs" who gave them to me. The Masters wanted her diary.

It is well, we, of the Western world, should know the full definition of an Indian Master.

Beaten tracks are best.

Tried religions, religions that can stand the full light of day are best for man : for no health-giving thing can grow in the dark ; only those that grow in light.

I had thought to end here without further preamble.

Repercussions, however, were still occurring : little eddying circles, wider though fainter, all connected with that big splashing fall of Madam, and all make me decide to publish these papers for what they are worth.

Other Swamis came to see me : all wanting to see these papers : one fat, fair, ugly, self-sufficient who has an English girl as his pupil : it frightened me.

My last scruples as to the publication of these amazing papers were dying one by one ; and then came the personage, of whom Hari Nur had declared himself the forerunner.

My bearer came to me excitedly, one morning, with the news that a very great Lama wished to see me urgently and privately.

I agreed : and he entered on the heels of my bearer.

This was, indeed, a personality who interested me against my will.

In appearance he was strikingly handsome : his features were perfect : his eyes beautiful, very black and very brilliant.

But I am not sure, even now, whether his beauty was repellent or attractive.

He was extremely well-educated ; and spoke English with a perfect accent. He refused to give me his name.

I believe him to be Madam La Mont's X.Y.Z. ; but I have no means of verifying my belief.

For the sake of convenience in narrating what took

place between us, I shall take it, for granted, that it was, indeed, this man and speak of him as X.Y.Z.

In an extremely musical voice he asked me if Madam La Mont had left any papers: and on my replying that she had, but that I did not think it necessary for me to give him any further information, he said:

“Let us assure you that we have read word for word all she has written.”

“Believe me,” he added smilingly, “my pupils are sufficiently clairvoyant to look into yonder bureau,” he indicated, strangely enough, the exact drawer in which Madam La Mont’s manuscripts lay, “and they have read for me all she has written. She was very unwise, and you who intend to publish her ravings are even more unwise. What will you achieve by it?

“Life is built on faith. Religion in giving man faith, gave him a remarkable gift of recuperation: faith can cure: faith can uplift, and faith alone can help man to achievement. You wish to annihilate a powerful lever.”

He stopped, and said suddenly: “You believe we ruined Madam La Mont? You are mistaken. No outside influence ruins a man, he is ruined, absolutely, by himself alone. Did we believe otherwise we would swear—some of us do swear—that Mary La Mont ruined her ‘Guru,’ destroyed his magic powers, robbed him of his celibacy: robbed the world of his Buddhahood.

“Believe me, as a ‘Sadhu,’ his devastation was far more complete than hers was, or could ever have been. He was a strong man, not a hysterical woman; and his sufferings were greater, far greater than her suffering. The evil in man, which you think we exploit, is not anything we call evil at all.

“ Some things are more useful to us : some we discard, completely discard.

“ But we turn old rags into clean paper ; and are not concerned with the destruction of old things : why should we trouble ourselves ?

“ We create new personalities, which though made from filthy rags are no longer these, and there is no affinity left between rags and paper.

“ Why then should these filthy rags clamour for their lost personality ?

“ You, of the Western world, insist that God made man only from the waist upwards : that when man discovered the lower part of him he—fell. Well, we count man equally strong and potent from the waist downwards as well, and—of God.

“ It is our policy in life to study the weakest values in man, to use them, to add to them or subtract from them, but never wholly eliminate them.

“ Suppression of vice is a bad business : so we allow it its fullest expression.

“ If vice is not there, it never expresses itself : if it is there,” he made a gesture, “ why blame us ? Tell me,” winningly, “ are we really to blame ? ”

I made no answer—for awhile. Then I spoke : “ I shall publish your explanation with her indictment,” I promised.

“ My explanation ! ” he said, not without a certain dignity : “ You have mistaken me—an explanation implies weakness and fear. We never explain, and we are too great for explanations. I made statements, asked questions. I apologise for taking your time. I wanted you to realise

there is another side of the story. You are out for the disillusionment of many simple hearts."

I bade him remember that he and his kind were responsible for greater harm in the disillusionment of simple hearts than any written word of mine.

"Ah! well!" he said—and this time I detected the faintest of sneers—"the book is not published—yet."

I accepted the challenge.

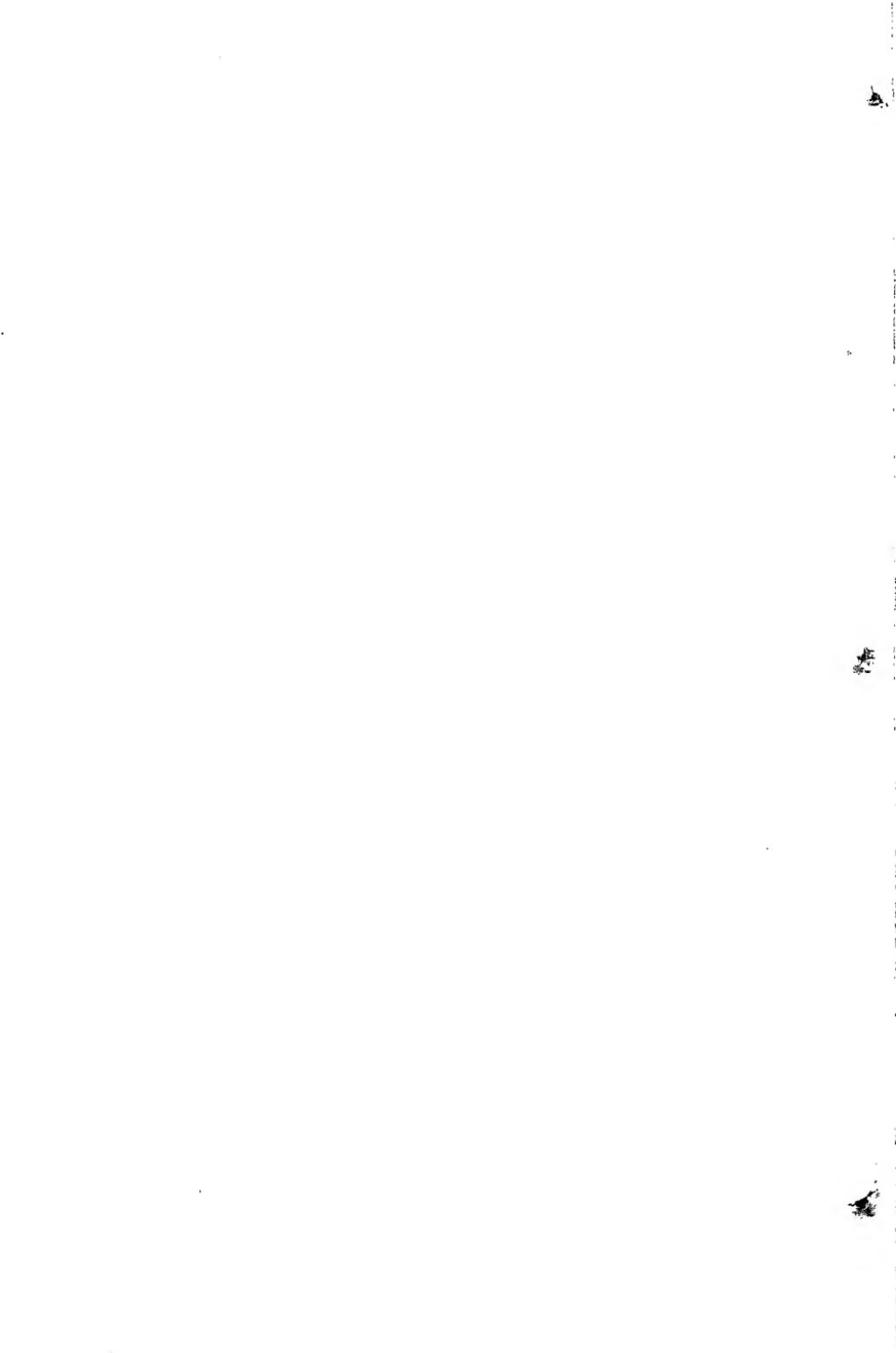
Even if it is published, few alone might read it: well, let it fall into the limbo of forgotten books.

Unlike Madam La Mont, I believe in God. I believe that there is something much greater than any Mahatmas, and their weird power; from where do they cull their power? If from man at his lowest, then even these men are greater than they, let alone the Power that belongs to the Holy of Holies.

As X.Y.Z. passed my window outside, I watched his shadow darken, for a moment, the whole room: even as by some trick of light, an aeroplane flying low, flings suddenly, a black and uncanny shadow over all—a shadow that passes as suddenly as it comes. Looking out, I saw the men working in my garden fling down their spades and fall at his feet: watched him bless them with up-lifted careless hand. One saw that he was well used to deference: that he cared little, that I do not know.

Perhaps his "Chelas" will condemn me in frenzied protest: it will be good if they do this: it will show the world that the tale we have to tell carries weight.

P A R T III



(This MS. was presented to the author by a Yogi. It is a copy of a very old MS., and as far as she is aware has never been published before.)

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH

(Hata Yoga)
(Ha = Sun. Ta = Moon)

1. In the human body the spirit is chained by the breath, and this breath changes every 5 "gadis"¹ and one element (vaya) remains in settled order during each "gadi."

These elements move, and are named after the 12 signs of the Zodiac: 1. Aries (Ram); 2. Taurus (Bull); 3. Gemini (Twins); 4. Cancer (Crab); 5. Leo (Lion); 6. Virgo (Virgin); 7. Libra (Balance); 8. Scorpio (Scorpion); 9. Sagittarius (Archer), Capricornus (Goat), Aquarius (Water-bearer), and Pisces (Fishes).

2. The breath sometimes comes out from the right nostril, and sometimes out of the left; and sometimes out of both the nostrils.

3. The right nostril is of the sun—Ha; and the left nostril of the moon—Ta; and the science of breath (pranayama) is, therefore, called Hata Yoga, i.e., the conjunction of the sun and moon.

4. When two breaths are working the life runs in the spinal column and is called "sukshmana"—literally the very fine one.

¹ A "gadi" is equivalent to 24 minutes.

5. The "sukshmana" breath is for meditation alone, and no worldly action will succeed when this breath is working.

6. The following actions, performed when the left breath (Ida) is working, will achieve their full purpose, and be successful :—

- I. All steady actions.
- II. Purchases.
- III. Travel to distant countries.
- IV. The pacification of planets.
- V. The giving of clothes.
- VI. Cooking.
- VII. Marriage.
- VIII. Interviews with superiors.
- IX. Visiting friends.
- X. Business.
- XI. The earning of money.
- XII. The entering of a house.
- XIII. The doing of a service.
- XIV. The sowing of seeds.
- XV. Agriculture.
- XVI. The starting of an austerity (Yagna).
- XVII. The placing of an idol.
- XVIII. The taking of an initiation.
- XIX. The taking and making of Mantras.
- XX. The beginning to learn.
- XXI. The meeting of relations.
- XXII. The conservation of water, or irrigation.
- XXIII. Alchemy or the making of alchemic medicines.
- XXIV. The learning of arts or science.

- XXV. Puja.
- XXVI. All peaceful and steady actions.
- XXVII. The making of a garden.
- XXVIII. The building of a palace.
- XXIX. The digging of a well or tank.
- XXX. The learning of music and dancing.
- XXXI. The putting away of valuables.

7. If one has some cause of sorrow, or is suffering from fever or any other disease, it will be lessened whilst the moon—Ta—breath is working.

8. In the performance of all good actions, the moon breath gives peace and success.

9. The following actions performed when the sun—Ha—breath is working will come to success :—

- I. The art of the use of weapons.
- II. The entering into a debate.
- III. Gambling.
- IV. Stealing.
- V. Cheating.
- VI. Hunting.
- VII. The riding of elephants, horses, camels, donkeys, chariots and male buffaloes.
- VIII. Swimming in the ocean.
- IX. The learning of machinery.
- X. The giving out of medicines.
- XI. The making of clothes.
- XII. The giving of poison.
- XIII. The driving out of ghosts.
- XIV. Selling and buying.
- XV. Bathing.
- XVI. Taking food.

XVII. Mating.

XVIII. Killing.

XIX. The giving of pain.

XX. The easy destruction of enemies.

XXI. Sleeping.

XXII. Kissing and embracing.

10. The time of danger from poisoning is when this breath is working.

11. When the sun breath is going on and the moon breath begins that time is called the Time of the Crab-bannered-deity.

12. If, at this time, a son is born he will be very beautiful.

Food taken at this time will not be easily digested.

An attempt to gain a woman's love at this time will be fruitful.

13. One should sleep when the sun breath is working.

14. The charming of women, the control of a woman, and all acts of passion should be done on the sun breath.

15. The controlling of demons and ghosts, the entering of a big forest, the swimming of a river should be done on the sun breath. There will then be complete success.

16. All cruel actions performed on this breath will have the fullest effect of cruelty.

17. When both the breaths are working, neither the "sun" nor the "moon" actions should be performed.

None will bear fruit.

This is the time for meditation and "yoga" alone.

18. When debating, quarrelling, or when enemies are attacking, or thieves are present, or one's superior is angry, the situation is fraught with danger when two breaths are working.

19. To enter a place on the moon breath, take even steps with the left foot first, i.e., two, four, six, etc., and on the sun breath odd numbers, and the right foot first. This ensures success.

20. But never leave a place on a double breath for it means death, loss or pain.

21. Any action to the front, on the left or above will be fruitful if performed on the moon breath.

22. Any action on the right, downwards, backwards, or in the middle performed on the sun breath will be fruitful.

23. The place of the moon breath is towards the East and North.

24. The place of the sun is towards the South and the West.¹

25. Do not go to the East or North when the moon breath is working for there will be danger.

26. Do not go to the South or West when the sun breath is working, for there will be death.

27. If a question is asked in even letters when the moon breath is working, the answer will be favourable.

28. If a question is asked in odd letters when the sun breath is working, the answer will be favourable.

29. If the empty breath (shuniya, i.e., no breath, or the sukhsmana, i.e., two breaths), the answer must be "no," for all results will be futile on these breaths.

30. Victory attends those who battle on the sun breath.

31. If the battle is at a far distance leave for it on the moon breath, but if it is near, on the sun breath.

¹ The East and North in Yogic parlance refer to the left side and above; and the West and South mean respectively the right side and under the feet.

31a. If during the fight the sun breath works quickly, conquest is certain.

32. If the moon breath is working, victory comes by mere remaining at home and being passive.

33. The enemies are exhausted by this passiveness: activity against enemies must only be taken on the sun breath.

34. On no account must one leave the house when the "sukshmana" breath is working.

35. The oracle of breath unfolds its secrets to those who know the keys.

36. The life breath (i.e., the moon breath) is a favourable breath.

Captives will be released if the interrogator enquires of them on this breath.

Stolen things will be recovered.

If the question concerns a man supposed to have died in a foreign country, he can be assured that he is alive.

37. If the question is put on the empty breath and then the life breath works the man will have had an injury on his left side or on his head.

38. If the moon breath is working all questions asked at that time will be favourable, unless the syllables of the question are odd.

39. In the same way a question in even syllables asked when the sun breath is working will have an unfavourable answer.

40. Any questions pertaining to the length of life asked on the moon breath or when it is near, when a patient is ill, means that the patient will not die.

41. If a person puts his question facing the directions, or between the complete directions, then turning to a complete direction, the answer will be favourable.

42. If the questioner stands in the direction in which the breath comes out, the answer will be favourable ; and by this you can know whether his objects are of the moon or of the sun, and which breath favours his projects.

43. The moon breath in the light half of the month and the sun breath in the dark half are the auspicious times.

44. Of the signs of the Zodiac, five are of the moon breath and are auspicious during that time and five are of the sun breath and are auspicious during that time.

45. The five pertaining to the moon breath are : Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio, Pisces and Cancer.

46. The five pertaining to the sun are :—Leo, Libra, Cancer, Aries, and Taurus.

47. The most effective days for the moon-breath are Thursday, Friday, Wednesday and Sunday ; and in the light half of the month, they are extremely auspicious.

48. The days for the sun breath are Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday ; and they are very effective during the dark half of the month.

49. The elements in the breath are : Fire, water, earth, wind and ether (akash).

50. If the breath breathed heavily through the nostril touches the upper portion of the nostril, the element in force, then, is fire.

51. If the breath touches the bottom of the nostril the element is water.

52. If the breath comes through the centre of the nostril without touching the nostrils, the element is earth.

53. If the breath touches the left portion, the element is wind.

54. If the breath touches the right portion, the element is ether (sky-akash).

55. The fire element is the highest.

56. The earth element is in the middle.

57. The wind and the sky are in the vacuum.

58. The earth and water-breaths are good.

59. The fire-breath is neutral.

60. The sky and wind-breaths are destroying breaths.

61. The fire-breath gives pain.

62. The water-breath gives relief.

63. The infliction of pain should be done when the wind-element is present.

64. The prevention of anything or the stopping of a person in an act should be done when the earth-breath is present.

65. The fire element resides in the shoulders.

66. The wind (Prabajan) element lies in the navel.

67. The earth element lies in the thighs.

68. When the element is the earth-breath those acts which are to be permanent should be done.

69. Active things will be successfully done on the breath when the element registers the water-breath.

70. Vigorous actions should be done when the fire element is working.

71. Killing or hurting a person should be done when the wind-breath is working.

72. The ether-breath never gives fruit either for good or evil.

In this breath one prays to God and becomes an actionless yogi.

73. In recapitulation, the earth and water-breaths for good results : the wind or fire-breaths for destructive purposes, and the sky (ether) breath for any action whose fruit one has forfeited.

74. If a person asks a question at the time the earth element is in the breath as regards his success, he will have some immediate benefit, but if, at that time, the fire or wind element is in the breath, he will have some positive loss.

75. The five elements of the sun breath at that time and their corresponding deities are :—

1. Fire with Mars as its Lord.
2. Earth with the sun as its Lord.
3. Wind with Saturn as its Lord.
4. Water with Rahu as its Lord.

76. The five elements of the moon-breath take as their corresponding deities :—

1. Water with Jupiter as Lord.
2. Fire with Venus as Lord.
3. Wind with Saturn as Lord.
4. Earth with Mercury as Lord.
5. Ether (sky) with Jupiter as Lord.

77. Each element controls 12 conditions : Six of the earth and water ; four of the fire and wind ; and 2 of the ether.

78. They are :—

1. Satisfaction.
2. Nourishment.
3. Love.
4. Sport.
5. Victory.
6. Laughter.

These six are the conditions pertaining to earth and water.

79. 1. Mourning.
2. Fever.
3. Shaking.
4. Travelling.

These are the four conditions pertaining to fire and wind.

80. 1. Death.
2. Loss.

These are the conditions pertaining to the sky-ether.

81. The body consists of five elements: earth, fire, water, wind, and ether.

82. From the element earth we get bones, flesh, skin, veins and hair.

83. From the element fire we get hunger, thirst, sleep, brilliance and laziness.

84. From the element water we get semen, blood, fat, urine and saliva.

85. From the element wind we get the power of running, bending, smelling, contracting and expanding.

86. From the element ether comes love, hatred, shame, fear, and infatuation.

87. These are the descriptions of the elements.

88. The element earth is square¹ and of a yellow colour.

In its middle is sweetness, and it gives great enjoyment.

The flow of the earth-breath goes out the distance of 16 fingers.

89. The element water is round¹ and white. It has

¹ This was doubtless the square earth of the ancients surrounded by a sphere of water.

a bitter taste and gives benefit. The flow of the breath extends to the distance of 12 fingers.

90. The element fire is triangular and red and pungent.

The flow of the breath is upwards, and four fingers in length.

91. The wind element is as green as the centre of the moon and the sun.

The flow of the breath is slanting and goes out a distance of eight fingers.

92. The sky (ether) element is unknown and gives no fruit.

93. It has one great utility: it cuts away fruit and gives salvation.

94. The form of the element can be seen on the burnished mirror when it receives the impact of the breath.

95. Each element has its own direction and is strongest in its own direction:—

1. The earth in the East,
2. The water in the West,
3. The wind in the North, and
4. The fire in the South.

96. On the first day of the bright half of the "Chaitra Month" (corresponding approximately to July (Asak), if the sign of the Ram is in the Zodiac, the year is known by the breath.

97. If the breath holds the earth element there will be no famine; there will be prosperity, plenty of rain and happiness.

98. If the water element is in the breath there will be too much rain, but the year will be good: there will be plenty of grain, and there will be no disease.

99. When the fire element is in the breath, there will be scarcity of rain, famine, calamity and disease.

100. When the wind element is in the breath, there will be upheavals, worries and very little rain.

101. When the sky element is in the breath, there will be no happiness and the subjects will be unhappy.

102. If a person comes to question one when the left breath goes to the right and the right to the left, it is a good omen.

103. If a person questions one in odd letters and the sun breath is working, and in even letters when the moon breath is working, the answer is favourable.

104. If the sun and moon are in their own elements at the time of entering a place it is auspicious, but inauspicious at the time of leaving.

105. If on the second day of the bright half of the month the moon breath is working, it is a good omen.

106. On Fridays, Thursdays, and Wednesdays, the moon breath is auspicious.

107. If a woman conceives in the breath of the wind element, the child will be healthy: in the earth element, there will be miscarriage, and if it lives, it will be unhappy: in the water element, the child will be wealthy and happy, and in the ether element, death or miscarriage.

108. If the full moon breath is on, the answer to the question as regards the sex of the child about to be born will be that of a girl, and if the sun breath is working, of a son. If the question occurs when the "sukshmana" breath is on, the child will be a hermaphrodite.

109. If when a child is conceived there is the earth or water element in the breath, or if a question regarding

the sex is going on during these breaths, then a son will be born.

110. When the wind element is in the breath, a girl will be born.

111. When the fire element is in the breath, there will be a miscarriage, and a hermaphrodite will be born when the ether (sky) is in the breath.

112. If both the breaths are empty two girls will be born.

113. If the sun breath is working and the moon breath starts, or *vice versa*, a miscarriage will occur.

114. As regards diseases, if the earth element is in the breath it will indicate much worry from all sides ; and if the water element is there, it means lifelong anxiety.

If the fire element is there, there will be worry about the blood (juices).

115. The empty breath gives all kinds of worry in diseases.

116. Don't go out when the moon breath is working : and if a person comes at this time to ask about the directions it is not favourable for his travels.

117. If a questioner comes and stands facing the empty direction, but afterwards stands towards the flowing breath it will be auspicious.

118. If the sun breath or the moon breath changes its direction, then the person abroad (of whom question has been made) has started from his place.

119. If when a question is put of an absent person, the water element is in the breath, the absent person will soon return: if the earth element is in the breath, then it means he is happy where he is ; if the wind element,

then he has gone away from that place ; and dead if the fire element is in the breath.

120. If the sun and moon breaths are in their own elements and going with full force, a pilgrimage undertaken at that time will be auspicious.

121. If either the sun or moon breaths are going on when a person questions, it is good for the man who questions ; but if the empty breath is working at that time he will die.

122. If the empty breath has in it the elements of earth, he will die from an injury to the stomach : if the water element is there an injury below the navel ; if the fire element is there, heart-disease : if the wind element, there will be an injury to the thighs ; and if the ether element, to the head.

123. If the breath is not complete, however powerful a man may be, he will not conquer in any fight.

124. But if his breath attains complete force, he will be able to conquer the earth.

125. If during a battle the earth element is in the breath, the battle will be an equal one : but if the water element is there, there will be victory ; and obstacles will occur, if the fire element is present. If the wind or ether element is present—death.

126. If at the time of fighting the moon breath is present, the king will die.

127. If the sun breath is present, if the opponent is of equal strength, then the battle will end.

128. If the breath from a woman's left nostril when the moon breath is working is drawn into the right nostril of the man when the sun breath is working, or if a man

kisses and embraces her at that time, she will be won for her whole life.

129. If the sun breath mixes with the sun breath, the yogi will get knowledge, and his austerities will not fail.

130. If in the morning the sun breath moves to the moon breath, and *vice versa*, the mind will be troubled, there will be loss of wealth, loss of desired things, of kingdom: there will be disease and death.

131. If this contrary breath continues for a fortnight there will be an epidemic.

132. If this contrary breath continues for two fortnights, one's brothers and friends will turn enemies: if for three fortnights, disease and death.

133. If one breath alone works for the whole day, death will occur in three years.

134. If the sun breath remains for a day and night death will occur within two years.

135. If for three consecutive days and nights the breath continues in the same nostril, he will die in one year.

136. The Ida breath (the breath of the left nostril) is the River Ganges.

137. The Pingala breath (the breath of the right nostril) is the River Narmada.

138. And the Sushumna breath (the middle breath) is the River Sarasvati: that is the conjunction—the “Prayag,” the great pilgrimage.

139. That is the supreme knowledge of breaths.

140. Rechak is exhalation,

Purak is inhalation,

Kumbak is retention.

141. Practising them with controlled mind, inhalation gives strength, a controlled and purified body: retention

gives steadiness of mind and longevity of life, and exhalation purifies the mind.

142. The Shadh-mukhi is an exercise to clean the nostrils: the third and fourth fingers of each hand should close the lips, the middle fingers the two nostrils, the index fingers the eyes, and the thumbs the two ears.

143. Thus is known the form, the movement, the taste and the other qualities of the five elements, and the knower is a Yogi.

144. He who knows the good and bad actions, and guides his life accordingly will be religious, wealthy, get his desires fulfilled, and get salvation, fame and power.

145. Purak is the inhalation from the right nostril.

Kumbak is retention of breath as long as it is possible.

Rechak is the exhalation from the left nostril.

146. A man who seated in the lotus-posture (padmasana) controlling the lower breath of his body, drawing it upwards, mixing it with the life that runs through his body, joining his breaths in the Sushumna, taking it to the Bhramarendra—a spot in the crown of the head, and mixes it with Divinity (Shiva) is a great Yogi.

147. He conquers death: all desires are dead. He conquers the five senses: and cares nothing for the world or cares for worldly things.

148. If a "yogi" can introduce the sun breath into the moon breath, he will live for ever.

149. If for 16 continuous days the sun breath alone works, the man will die within three months.

150. If the sun breath works continuously by day, and the moon breath by night, he will die within six months.

151. The tongue is the Aruna Dati (the 8th star of the Great Bear).

The tip of the nose is the Polar Star.

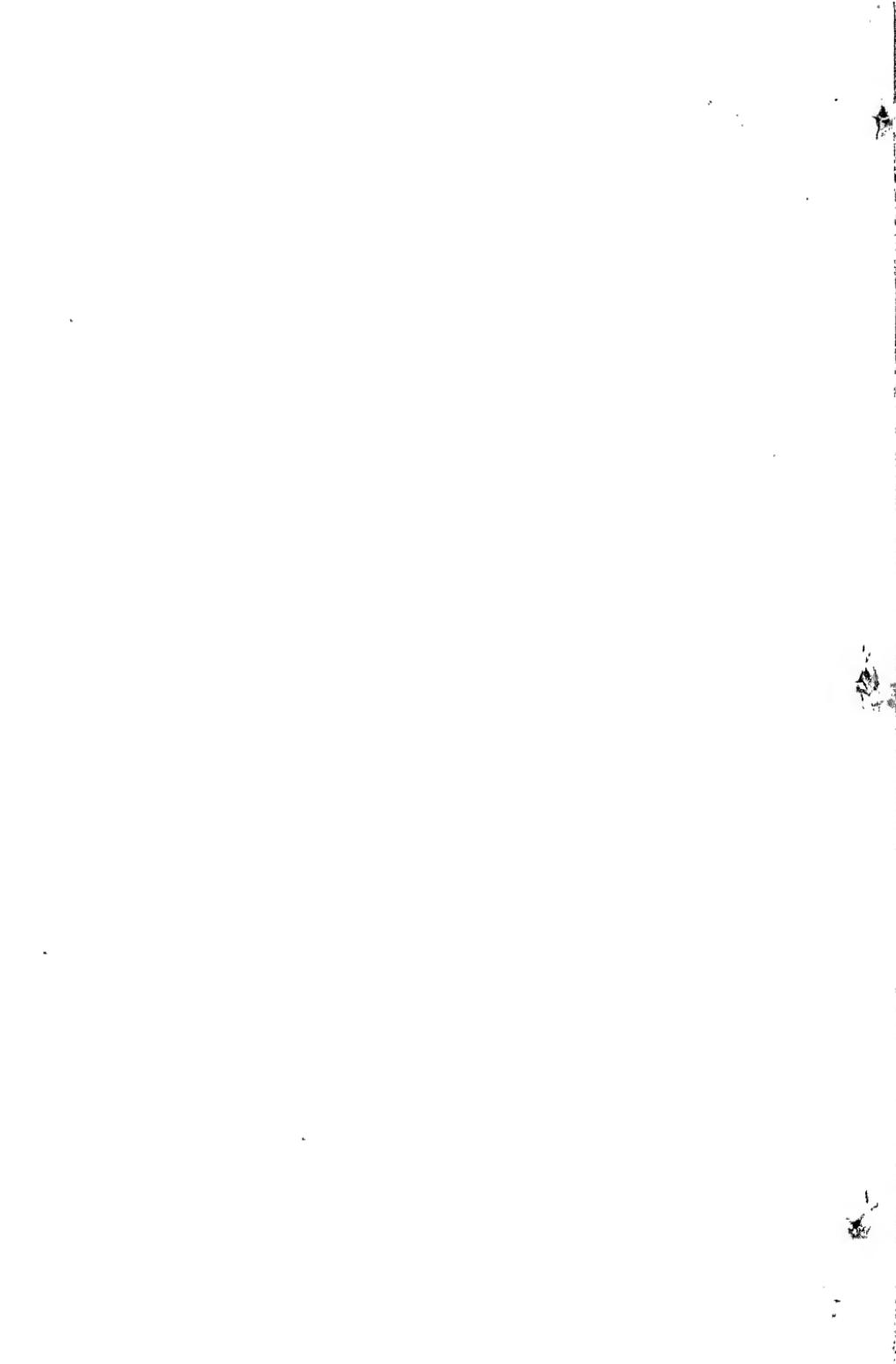
The two eyebrows and the space between are the 3 steps of Vishnu.

152. If a person is to die within a short time, i.e., one day, he cannot see his tongue (Aruna Dati).

153. Death will occur within 9 days if one cannot see one's eyebrows.

154. And death will occur within five days if one cannot see one's nose (The Polar Star).

Thus ends the complete science of breath : the Yoga—Ha + Ta.



SOME REVIEWS OF MISS ELIZABETH SHARPE'S LAST WORK, "THE INDIA THAT IS INDIA"

Miss Sharpe is the author of some well-known books on aspects of Indian philosophy and has remained in India for some 25 years. Her book, consequently, is based on first-hand experience and is written neither arrogantly nor patronisingly, but simply, understandingly and sympathetically.

What Miss Mayo and the ignoble contingent who came in her wake missed was that India was an entity that will challengly refuse to be evaluated by Western formulae. To take things and institutions in India absolutely, reason out their historic necessity or social validity and locate them in the curve of evolution, that is what Miss Sharpe has done. Her remarks are seldom out of place and never once, I think, consciously unjust. She has given intelligent chapters on the purdah, polygamy, the Jains, the untouchables, the Indian bazaar, and other significantly Indian things; and again and again she hits the nail on the head and spares the finger.

Rarely does one come across a book so sincere and so correctly informed as Miss Sharpe's. In the circumstances, we can pardon her for the last sentence in the book, a sentence as pompous as it is beside the point: "When history will set down . . . what England has strived to do for India, then, and then alone will the world truly know, not only her mistake in this careless implanting of her own democratic ideas in the soil of an intensely conservative people, but the greatness, the liberality and the magnitude of England, who, having gained all, gave back all."

[PROF. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR, M.A., in the *Sunday Chronicle*, dated 5th January, 1935.]

The gifted Private Secretary of the Maharana of Limbdi is by no means new to the book world. She is the author of a number of treatises on Indian subjects, including even his abstruse philosophy of Yoga. The little brochure now before us is very agreeably written.

There is great ease, lucidity and charm about Miss Sharpe's descriptions of Indian life. She displays an intimate acquaintance with all phases of it. The Jains, the Sadhus, religions and fairs, customs and beliefs are dealt with here in a spirit of great sympathy

and understanding. There is a chapter called "The Maharaja's courtyard," which details the life of leisured ease and gilded pomp such as is enjoyed by the rulers of Indian India. Social prejudices, punctilious caste barriers, and the different gradations of rank among the palace employees are set forth here, and even the dancing girl who bursts at times on the palace life to brighten and enliven its dreary routine is not omitted. There is also a side-light on the problem of untouchability, which has now come to occupy so important a place in the political sphere. The book lays a good deal of insistence on the proper direction of girls' education, on which the future of the country and that of the citizens of to-morrow may be said really to depend.

Of very particular interest are Miss Sharpe's concluding words : "When history will set down, with the coldness of a century hence, what England has striven to do for India, then, and then alone, will the world truly know not only her mistake in this careless implanting of her own democratic ideas in the soil of an intensely conservative people, but the greatness, the liberality and the magnitude of England, who having gained all, gave back all."

[*The Civil and Military Gazette*, Monday, January 28th, 1935.]

Miss Elizabeth Sharpe, who is well known to our readers as a former contributor, has chosen what might be called an intriguing title. She writes of the real India and says that her laudable object is to "prevent Europeans applying their own standards of judgment in solving problems which are essentially matters for the Eastern people alone."

The book comes to us like an eastern breeze out of thousands of villages where the real India exists : we glimpse the Sadhus in the bazaars, the fairs which are such a colourful relief from the hard monotony of the ryots' existence, courtyards for Maharajas, the miserable lot of the untouchables, and many etceteras. Miss Sharpe knows India well because she has lived for some twenty-four years here, mostly in Kathiawar in the State of Limbdi. For a European she has unique knowledge on subjects like Sadhus, the belief of the Jains, etc.

Many of these articles have been published in *The World*, of New York, or *The Illustrated Weekly of India*. And the still wider publicity which this little anthology should give to these word pictures may greatly assist in dispelling some of the false conceptions which the average foreigner has of life in this country.

Miss Sharpe is something of a psychologist and likes to get to the mental root of human actions.

[*The Illustrated Weekly of India*.]

This little book is pleasantly written, although it tells to the reader with Indian experience little that he does not actually know.

Miss Sharpe remarks sensibly enough, that "well meaning but ill-advised" English ladies go too far in speaking of Indian ladies as "poor purdah prisoners." If Indian ladies at present prefer to remain in seclusion, that surely is their own affair. The descriptions of Indian fairs, Indian customs, Indian beliefs and superstitions, are brightly written.

[From *Times Literary Supplement.*]

THE INDIA THAT IS INDIA. By ELIZABETH SHARPE. (Luzac, 1934, 21cm., 110 pp., 3/-)

In reading this book we feel we meet an old and much esteemed friend. India knows well the author already as an able expounder of her abstruse philosophy to the West. Many of us have read her book on Yoga. In the present volume which she justly entitles "The India that is India" she explains to her countrymen the meaning of many of those Indian customs and ideas which to the European are bound to be puzzling and not a little funny.

The book touches many sides of Indian life and describes all grades of the Indian population. We have here the Maharaja described by the side of the field-labourer; the Sadhu portrayed side by side with the rogue and the coxcomb. We get a peep into the zenana and the Maharaja's courtyard and into the bazaar of a provincial town, the cave of the hermit and the sanctum of a Jain temple. Betel-chewing and breast-beating are as minutely described as the Radha-Krishna cult or the worship of Sakti. One wonders how much information could be conveyed in so few pages.

A greater wonder is this that the book often raises questions of abstruse philosophy and yet reads like a novel and is exceedingly lucid. The secret is, as always in such cases, that the writer knows the subject thoroughly. Unlike many others of her country that have written on India, she has not set herself the theme first and then gone about collecting materials for her thesis. She has first seen and felt what she writes about. Besides, she writes only for conveying information. She has no special pleading to make or thesis to support such as the unfitness of India for self-government or the hypocrisy of the "professional agitator." She could not therefore see the other man's point of view and write with imaginative sympathy. Speaking of the zenana lady, she feels well warranted in saying:

"Western standards of happiness, unhappiness, are not the appropriate ones for judging the happiness or unhappiness of the East. The Indian lady, in her own way, is on an average, far happier than the more independent Western woman" (p. 29).

Look at this passionate plea for a dispassionate interpretation of hoary custom :

“One cannot judge off-hand as to the worthlessness of certain strange, even repellent symbols or rituals ; for many a lost thread to ancient esotericism can often be found again tangled and broken, running through the old rituals old-time faiths” (p. 52).

A Sanatani, out for defending ancient customs against modern reformers, cannot make out a better case for the side he has espoused.

Such a keen observer and candid judge as Miss Elizabeth Sharpe cannot but see, and seeing condemn, absurdities wherever they may exist. She administers a well deserved and much needed reprimand to the Indian nose-blower :

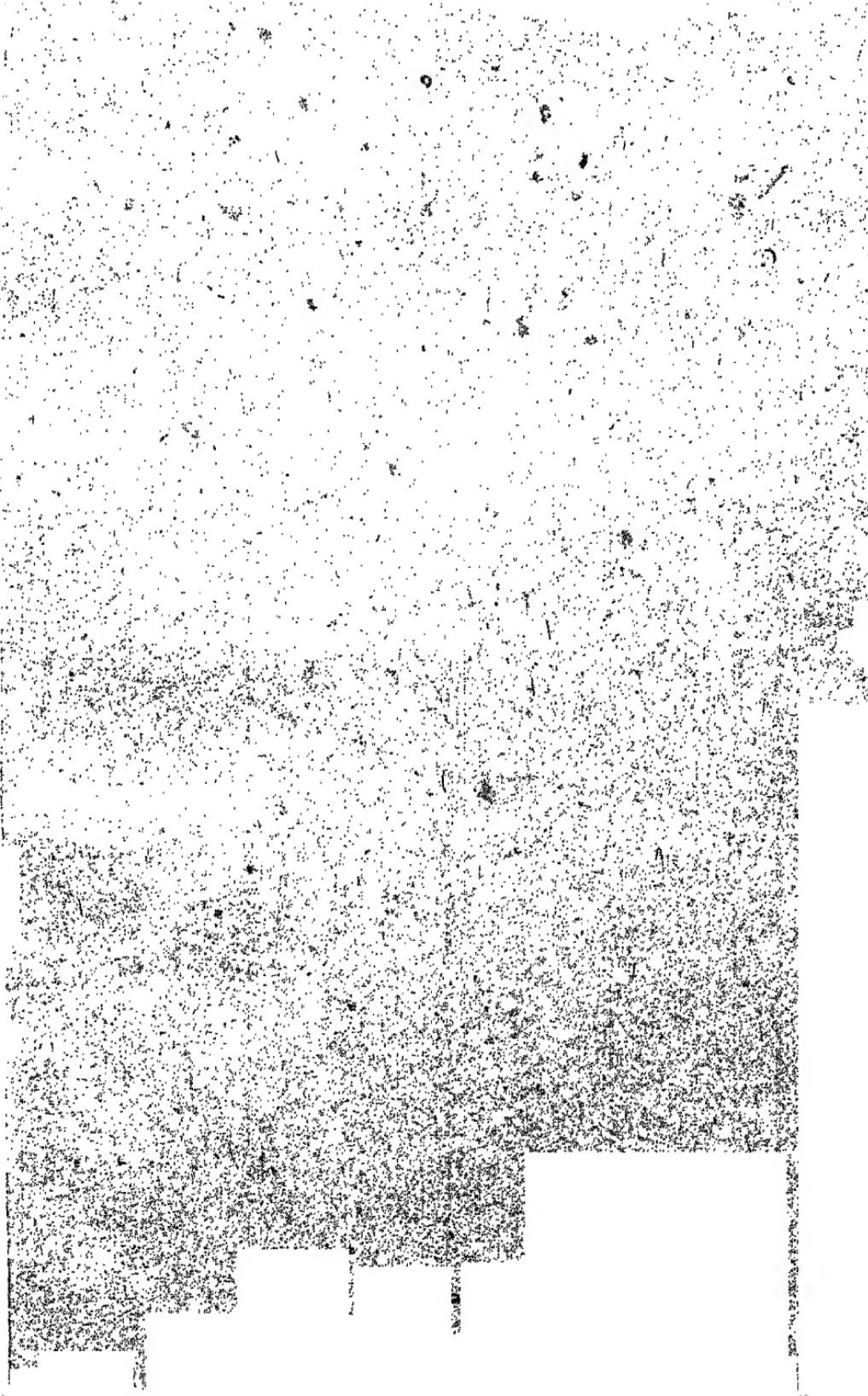
“At several schools, there is an allotted time for the blowing of noses, and every boy in the school leaves his class, blows his nose between finger and thumb—violently or temperately—anywhere, and every finger and thumb then wipes itself automatically on the nearest wall or post” (p. 63).

So again to the spitter of betel juice :

“The writer once saw the platform of a station before a Prince’s saloon thoroughly swept and cleared, and a few minutes afterwards a band of young men pass by who, without any consideration whatsoever, spewed streams of betel juice from out of their mouths on to the freshly cleared platform” (p. 64).

There is in all Miss Elizabeth Sharpe’s utterances a refreshing candour rare in books of the kind to which they belong. “The India that is India” is a volume that is particularly full of the Beauty of Truth.

[P.A.S., in *The Servant of India*, dated 23rd April, 1936, page 201.]





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